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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

DOUGLAS DEMOCRACY.

SPEECH OF MR. GAULDEN, OF GEORGIA,

In the Baltimore Democratic Convention.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: I come here from the State of Georgia, indorsed by that State Convention and by the Convention at Charleston. This ought surely to give me a right to be heard before you, and though I have not joined my fortune in the State of Georgia either to the House of York or to the House of Lancaster, I feel that I have a right here to speak to the great Democratic party of the United States. I have been pained, as a citizen of these United States, to see the elements of disruption and disorganization which seem to prevail in the midst of this most intelligent assembly. I have felt that the experiment of the capability of man for self-government was about to prove a failure here, and that the genius of Liberty was about, shrieking, to leave the world. But I trust that this may be the darkest hour just before the day; and that from these elements of discord, the representatives of the intelligent American people here assembled may be able to devise a plan upon which the great Democratic party of the United States may be united, and that we will yet add another victory to the many we have already achieved.

I am an advocate for maintaining the integrity of the National Democratic party; I belong to the extreme South; I am a pro-slavery man in every sense of the word, aye, and an African slave trade man (applause and laughter). The institution of slavery, as I have said elsewhere, has done more to advance the prosperity and intelligence of the white race, and of the human race, than all else together. I believe it to be founded upon the law of Nature, and upon the law of God; I believe it to be a blessing to all races. I believe that liberty would not truly exist in this Western world except by maintaining the integrity of the great National Democratic party (applause). As for this "Irrepressible Conflict" party, with their serried ranks now ready to march down upon us, I have no faith in it, because it is founded in anarchy, in everything anti-republican, in everything that is opposed to human progress; while I understand the idea of the great National Democratic party to be non-intervention in its broadest sense (applause). Now, my Northern friends, I do not know that I can do anything in Georgia to reconcile these matters; but whatever I can do, I will do (applause).

I say that our friends in Georgia, who are crying out for protection to slavery in the Territories, are advocating a mere theory, a mere abstraction, a thing that is not and cannot be. They would do much better if they would demand protection from the General Government, and have a line of police established along the border of the slave States, to catch and hang the thieving Abolitionists who are stealing our niggers (laughter and applause). This is a means of protection. Why? Because it is practical (renewed laughter and applause). Here is my old native State of Virginia—the slave trading and slave breeding State of Virginia (laughter)—

DELEGATE FROM VIRGINIA—I call the gentleman to order. He casts an imputation upon Virginia by calling her the "slave breeding State of Virginia."

Mr. GAULDEN—Well, I will say the slave breeding State of Georgia, then. I glory in being a slave breeder myself (loud laughter). I will face the music myself, and I have got as many negroes as any man from the State of Virginia. And as I invited the gentlemen of this Convention at Charleston to visit my plantation, I will say again that, if they will come to see me, I will show them as fine a lot of negroes, and the pure African, too, as they can find anywhere. And I will show them as handsome a set of little children there as can be seen (laughter), and any quantity of them, too (renewed laughter). And I wish that Virginia may be as good a slave trading and slave breeding State as Georgia; and in saying that I do not mean to be disrespectful to Virginia, but I do not mean to dodge the question at all.

Now, I want no office, I never asked any, I did not ask the State Convention to send me here; but I am here to tell the truth to you all, and this is my idea of non-intervention. I want the State of Virginia, if she has negroes, to have as many as she pleases. If you want slavery in the State of Massachusetts, I want you to have it. If you want slavery in Indiana and Ohio, and Wisconsin, and Minnesota, in God's name have it. It is your right to have slaves, and just as many or as few as you please; I will never join any party which desires to force slavery anywhere, or to keep it from any place (applause). I believe that is regulated by the law of God, of nature's God, and all history proves that to be so, and all that I ask is "hands off," leave it to the people of the States and of the Territories to settle that matter for themselves under the Constitution of the United States (applause).

And now, while I am up, I want to put my veto upon one thing. I know that I am not going to be applauded in what I say; but seed sown in good time will bring forth fruit; and though you may say now that I am wrong, yet I think I shall live to see the day when the doctrines which I advocate to-night will be the doctrines of Massachusetts and of the North, for

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
> And dies amid her worshippers."

I say I go for non-intervention in the broadest sense of the term. I say that this whole thing should be taken out of the hands of the General Government. I say it is all wrong to be spending two or three millions of dollars annually from our pockets, and sacrificing thousands of lives upon the coast of Africa, in that terrible clime, to prevent our going there to get a few negroes. If it is right for us to go to Virginia and buy a negro and pay $2,000 for him, it is legally right for us to go to Africa, where we can get them for $50 (applause and laughter). Here is the condition we are placed in, and you may as well come to your senses and face the music.

There are 2,000 of our negroes now down at Key West begging and pleading not to be sent back. If they should be sent back, what would be the result? One-half of them would die before they got there, and the other half would be turned upon the coast of Africa, upon the coast of Liberia, among strangers, to be eaten up by cannibals, or be caught and sold again, or die of starvation; and this you call humanity. I say it is piracy. I say that our Government is acting against right and reason in this matter. And if the Southern men had the spunk and spirit to come right up and face the North, I believe the Northern Democracy at least would come to the true doctrine of popular sovereignty and non-intervention (applause and laughter).

Think of it! Two thousand of these poor barbarians from Africa caught within the last four weeks, and kept upon that miserable island of Key West, dying there from disease and starvation, and what do not die are to be sent back by our Government at an expense of one or two millions, though they are pleading and begging not to be sent back and landed upon the coast of Africa. It is cruel, inhuman, wrong, and I appeal to the good sense of the American nation against it. Look at John Bull. He has bound us to catch all we can and send them back at an expense of $25 per head. We send them back. But what does John Bull do? When he gets them he apprentices them out again and makes slaves of them. That is the hypocritical treaty that you are bound by. And yet I hear no Southern voice or Northern voice raised against this aggression upon the law of nature and of nature's God. But I intend to raise my voice against it, humble as it is.

Now, this may be a secondary question before us to-night. The great point is harmony and union in the great Democratic party. Let us whip the Black Republicans; let us win the fight; and when we have settled these things let us act together, and all will be right.

ASSURANCE WELL MATCHED.

From The Independent.

THE most impudent character we know of in England is a Polish refugee—whether from oppression or from justice we are not advised—who sponges his living out of British philanthropists under the fiction of a Secretaryship for the "British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society." The chief occupation of this *Chamerovzow* seems to be the annoyance of American ministers who may chance to visit England, by assailing their characters because of their opinions on the subject of slavery. By correspondence with sundry American knight-errants of the sublime "Order of Impudence," he gathers the denunciations of the Infidel school of reform against whatever bears the Christian name, and pours these forth in his own decoctions upon whomsoever may hurt his vanity or help his notoriety. Sometimes he may chance to get at the truth, or near it; but he never seems to trouble himself about the accuracy of his statements or the value of his authorities, since he pursues the trade of a scandal-monger for a livelihood. By his apparent zeal for freedom he has gained a certain influence over some worthy Englishmen who are honored in this country for their hostility to oppression; and men of weak and inflammable minds, like the successor of the judicious and manly Dr. Wardlaw, in the pastorate at Glasgow, regarding Mr. Chamerovzow as an infallible oracle, repeat word for word his accusations against their Christian brethren. This individual has been the chief assailant of Dr. Waddington for alleged complicity with slavery in America (!) and his Glasgow imitator has copied him to the echo. Timid pro-slavery men, who might have been benefited by a manly Christian rebuke from the public sentiment of England, instead of being brought under its genuine power, have been hooted out of the country by this guttural Sclavonic bark. One luckless delegate who went from this city to London to represent the Bible Society, was so set upon by this Chamerovzow, that he fled to the East, and avenged himself by entering into alliance with Russia against England for the Crimean war!

At last, however, the Sclave has found his match in the Celt. The last delegate from the Bible Society was of sterner stuff. When Dr. Nicholas Murray landed in England, he found the hungry Chamerovzow howling upon his track. The secretaries of the various religious societies were warned against him as if his Christian name were but a euphemism for a Satanic nick-name. At length Mr. Secretary *Cham* (or the *sham* Secretary) of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, made at the Doctor directly, in an impertinent catechizing epistle. We give only the close of the correspondence. After rehearsing Dr. Murray's delinquencies, his assailant says:

"I make bold, however, to affirm that if the credentials you bring over to the Boards of our Missionary, Bible, and other Societies, set forth your views and your position in relation to slavery, you would not be received by them, still less permitted to address their supporters. The reasonable assumption is, therefore, that you purposely conceal your real sentiments on the anti-slavery question, and, to this extent, present yourself to them and to the public under a false character. Four millions of slaves in the South protest loudly against your reception by anti-slavery men, and, in their name, I issue this note of warning.

"I am, sir, yours obediently,

"L. A. CHAMEROVZOW.

"P. S. I think it right to inform you that I have sent this letter, with the previous one, for publication."

BELFAST, 28th May, 1860.

"SIR: Your note of the 22d inst. has just reached me here. If you knew *all* about my antecedents on slavery, why write to me to tell you of them? If you did not, why write that impertinent letter to the Secretary of one of the London Societies? I have made inquiry of good men in London as to you; and they informed me that you are a foreigner, without any of the instincts or courtesies of an English gentleman, and that you are a Secretary, without anything to do save to annoy persons like myself, and thus to earn a yearly stipend. If I am misinformed as to you, so are you as to me.

"Be assured that there are other sins in our world besides the sin of slavery; and that among these are sowing discord among brethren, being a busy body in other men's matters, and bearing false witness against your neighbor.

"Yours, etc., N. MURRAY.

"Will you please publish this also?

"To L. A. Chamerovzow."

We have no sympathy with Dr. Murray in his position on slavery. An enlightened intercourse with English Christians might mollify the prejudice which, in common with his Celtic countrymen, he seems to harbor against the negroes, as an inferior caste. We cannot understand why the *American* Bible Society should so repeatedly offend the known sentiment of British Christians, by selecting its delegates from the Nassau-street school of evangelical Christians. Yet we are thankful that the assurance of the Polish interloper for once has found its match.

ABOLITIONISM TRIUMPHANT.

From The Cleveland Plaindealer, June 15th.

THAT the tendency of the Republican party of Ohio is towards abolitionism, indeed that it has already become thoroughly abolitionized, can no longer remain a debatable or disputed proposition.

In 1854, Judge Swan, having been nominated by the Republican party for the office of Judge of the Supreme Court, was elected by 80,000 majority, and during the five years of his term discharged the duties of the position with great ability and undoubted integrity.

In the State Convention of the party held one year ago, Judge Swan was a candidate for a second term. No one doubted his ability, questioned his integrity, or complained of his courtesy; and it was even admitted that, in the main, upon all occasions save one, he had been one of the best Judges known to the Bench of Ohio; yet Gov. Chase and the politicians of his school defeated the nomination of Judge Swan, and upon what grounds?

A short time before the Convention of last year was held, Judge Swan, in consideration of the Fugitive Slave law (presented in the Oberlin case), had decided that law to be constitutional, as had the Supreme Court of the United States, as well as every honest lawyer in the country qualified to investigate a question of constitutional law. In that conviction the issue was directly and unequivocally made, whether Judge Swan was defeated upon that issue and that alone, and his defeat was the cause of more rejoicing among the Abolitionists of the State than even the election of his successor.

In the State Convention recently held, Judge Brinkerhoff was a candidate for a second term, and among his competitors for the nomination was Col. Swayne of Columbus, a man infinitely the superior of Brinkerhoff in all the characteristics that constitute an able and upright Judge. But Col. Swayne made an argument in the Oberlin case in favor of the law and sustaining the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, while Judge Brinkerhoff in the same case gave an opinion against the constitutionality of the law and averse to sustaining the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States; and hence, in accordance with the programme laid out a year ago, Brinkerhoff received the nomination.

We do not desire to cast any reflection upon Judge Swan, but in comparing him with Judge Brinkerhoff ninety-nine hundredths of the honest and intelligent men of the State could not hesitate to pronounce in favor of the former.

The Abolitionists of the party—and we insist that they are its controlling spirits—boasted a year ago of defeating Judge Swan, on account of the opinion rendered by him in the Oberlin case, and swore that Judges Peck and Scott should walk the same plank at the close of their respective terms, while Brinkerhoff and Sutliff should be sustained and rewarded with a second nomination. They have made good this pledge thus far.

In view of these facts we ask the conservative and national men of the Republican party if they are prepared to follow these Abolition chieftains in the advocacy of principles and practices, the inevitable tendency of which is to the corruption of the Bench and the destruction of the Government.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD—SHARP PRACTICE.—We learn that a few days ago, a negro boy, a regular, loafing suck-egg of a nuisance, who had been lying around loose, about the Cadiz Junction, on the Pittsburgh, Columbus and Cincinnati railroad—was summarily disposed of by the underground railroad; the citizens desired to get rid of the nuisance, and finally the right plan was hit upon. He was put under charge of a stranger, and carefully concealed in the baggage car of the train going west; and when arriving at Uhricksville, the stranger got off and went whispering about for Esq. Collier, a noted abolitionist, but he was not present. Soon, another abolitionist got scent of the concealed darkie, and offered to take charge of him. The conductor introduced him to the stranger as one "*all right*"—the stranger's hand was fraternally pressed, and assured that the poor fugitive should be in Canada in a very short time—he had only to get him over to New Philadelphia, and he was safe. A close carriage was produced—the negro hurriedly placed in it, when the driver moved off at a funeral pace until he got behind a rising piece of ground, and then crack went the whip—off went the horses at a full gallop—the people of Cadiz Junction were rid of a great nuisance—the worthy abolitionist had a conscience well at ease—a darkie that couldn't take care of himself was put on the road to Canada, and the railroad boys enjoyed a hearty laugh over the cute dodge!—*Columbus (O.) Statesman.*

Selections.

THE SLAVE TRADE OF NEW YORK.

From The World.

NOTWITHSTANDING the federal laws declaring the slave trade a piracy, and the public sentiment of this community which fully sustains those laws, there is no question but that New York city is the great slave-ship mart of this continent. It is here that slavers are bought, owned and fitted out, and the threads to all the ramifications of this nefarious traffic are held by New York merchants, some few of whom bear respectable names on Change, while others, it is said, even hold official positions.

It is well known that over sixty vessels of different rigs leave this port every year, making an average of more than one a week, which are either captured while engaged in the slave trade, or never return to this port, being destroyed after landing their cargoes. Within a few weeks a number of suspected vessels have been overhauled, but have been allowed to depart after going through the form of a legal inquisition. The proceedings in some of these cases are a mockery on the forms of law. Some of these vessels are seized with commendable alacrity, while others are allowed to go with impunity. It can hardly be conceived that the officers whose duty it is to prevent the departure of these vessels can be doing their duty.

The port of New York is justly ranked as the principal depot of the slave trade. Perhaps we should not overrate the number if we should say that the average is *two* vessels a week, dispatched from this city, which proceed directly, or after landing a cargo in some of the West India islands, to the coast of Africa, and take on board from three to six hundred negroes, and, after a quick passage, land them in Cuba. The profits are so great that the vessels can be burned or scuttled, and that with only a loss of from three to four thousand dollars.

The fitting out is managed in such a manner that an ordinary person would not suspect anything wrong. The stevedore is a cross, bluff person, and if you chance to speak to him, his answer is such that one would not naturally care to prolong the conversation. The mate has just joined the ship, and knows nothing; and the captain is never on board when you call. The owner lives in the suburbs. Agent she has none. To-day she is lying alongside the wharf, and to-morrow morning, when you go to visit her again, she has gone. But should the unusual number of water-casks, lumber, and the like, have attracted the attention of some more knowing one, and he has given the information—and such information!—that the proper authorities should not fail to make some effort to stop her, it is alleged that a certain amount of gold is placed in some convenient locker in the cabin, and when the officials board the vessel and search for the articles arguing the intention of the vessel to carry slaves, they find this certain sum, said to vary from $2,500 to $4,000. This gold, or a part at least, the aforesaid official thinks is designed to purchase slaves; this is, of course, seized and confiscated, and the officers failing to find any other evidence against the vessel, she is allowed to proceed on her voyage.

It has been said that after a vessel has been suspected, and the eye of the law was upon her, that officials have said to the owners, "Those fellows want to bleed you; now I pray you don't let them do it." This simply means, "I want you to bribe me." There are men in this city who, to all appearances, are following a legitimate business, but who are really engaged in furnishing supplies for slavers—men, books, charts, and all the articles needed in the trade. These people mingle in the best society, and leave at the moment there is the first suspicion, and quickly convey the intelligence to the owners, when the vessel is hurried off, and what she is not able to take on board at the wharf, a steamboat ships at some other point and proceeds down the bay, and outside of the Hook, and transfers them on board the vessel, and she gives her wings to the wind and is off, never to be again heard from, or to be captured, either with slaves, or a slave deck laid ready to take them on board.

It is not to be wondered, that when slaves can be bought for $25 and sold for $1,200, men will engage in this brutalizing trade; and knowing that for an outlay of $15,000 the sum of $720,000 can be realized; and, under these circumstances, can any one doubt that the owners will promise the captain, if he will make a quick and profitable voyage, that in addition to his wages they will give him the ship, or that they can afford to wreck her? We should say not. To give some idea of the number of vessels which have left this port in past years, we append the names and fate, as far as known, of a number of vessels which sailed from here during the years 1855–'6–'7:

Class.	*Name.*	*Fate.*
Bark	Millanden	Destroyed at sea.
Brig	Glanmorgan	Captured—condemned at Boston.
"	Siliens	Captured—destroyed on the coast.
"	Gen. Pierce	Captured and condemned.
Sch'r	Mary Jane Peck	Captured by the British—condemned at Sierra Leone.
"	Mary E. Smith	Captured by the Brazilians.
"	Advance	Captured—condemned at Norfolk.
"	Julia Moulton	Destroyed at sea.
"	Julia Mystic	Destroyed at sea.
Bark	Jespar	Captured—acquitted, because of defect in libel.
"	Chancellor	Captured—not yet decided.
"	Martha	Captured—condemned in New York.
Sch'r	Falmouth	Captured—condemned in New York.
"	Horatio	Destroyed at Sea.
"	Lady Suffolk	Captured—and since in the Mexican service.
Bark	Republic	Destroyed at sea.
Sch'r	Altivie	Destroyed at sea.
"	N. H. Gambrell	Captured—condemned in New York.
"	Braman	Captured and condemned.

Many others were known to have left during that period, but, from the circumstance that they have never returned, it is presumed that they accomplished their object and were destroyed. In 1856, it is said, that during the month of July, the Deputy U. S. Marshals said that they were satisfied that during the preceding *three* weeks, at least *three* vessels a week had sailed from this port to engage in the slave trade, and that *fifty* had sailed during the year. From that time down to the present moment the fitting out of slave vessels has been on the increase. Scarcely a week passes but a vessel is seized in our harbor or at the wharves, and every arrival from Cuba brings us news of the capture of a slaver, most of whom sailed last from this port. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the cruisers, hundreds of Africans are landed in Cuba every month. Already over 2,500 negroes have been taken from slavers this year, and landed at Key West, some of whom are now on their way back to Africa. The fear of capture, or the risk of suffering the penalty of the law, is so small that, instead of striking terror to the hearts of those engaged in the trade, they seem the more active to make up their past losses.

Not long since, while in conversation with a well-known ship-owner, in speaking about fitting out slavers at some of the lesser ports, he scouted the idea, alleging that it would be folly to pursue such a course, when a few hundred dollars, judiciously laid out, would put any vessel to sea from New York, with little risk of detention. Every day the facts become more glaring, and each week the number is on the increase. Last week a strongly suspected vessel slipped away from the foot of Ninth street, East River. She is off, bound no doubt for the "land of ivory;" and a long, low, rakish craft is now idly lying alongside of the up-town wharves on the North river side, and some of these fine mornings she too will be among the missing.

It is reported that the slave vessels have a rendezvous on one of the bays of the Bahama banks. The necessary articles can be readily shipped from any port to it, and they, touching there, can in a few hours take on board their complement of stores, and without much risk, as the whereabouts of the cruisers is well known at this point, so lay their course as to clear them.

As far as we can learn, the officials whose duty it is to search out and bring to justice the men who flagrantly violate the bond which every vessel is obliged to give before leaving this or any other port in the United States, never trouble themselves with doing this part of their duty. The bond of every master of any vessel leaving our ports stipulates that he exhibit a "certified copy of the list to the first boarding officer, at the first port in the United States in which he shall arrive on his return thereto, and then and there also produce the persons named therein, to the said boarding officer, except any of the persons in the said list who may be discharged in a foreign country, with the consent of the consul, vice-consul, commercial agent, or vice-commercial agent there residing, signified in writing, under his hand and official seal, to be produced to the collector of the district within which he may arrive as aforesaid, with the other persons comprising the crew, as aforesaid, or who may have died, or absconded, or who may have been forcibly impressed into other service, of which satisfactory proof shall be there also exhibited to the said last-mentioned collector, then and in such cases the above obligation shall be void and of no effect, otherwise it shall abide and remain in full force and virtue."

This bond must be signed by the master and some responsible resident, and regular traders are held strictly accountable to the bond.

Notwithstanding this law, over fifty vessels have left the United States within a year—twenty of them from New York—which have failed to comply with this requisition.

When we come to search, we find that the greater part of these vessels have cleared for Loango, Ambrez, and other places on the West coast of Africa. They have, no doubt, been engaged in the slave trade, and, being successful, have been burnt or scuttled, and, of course, the bond will never be cancelled. With these facts it shows the extraordinary remissness on the part of the proper officials in not insisting upon the penalties of the bond against the responsible residents. The treasury might be enriched if they did their duty, and, in a measure, this disgusting and inhuman traffic suppressed; but under the present system of penalties and surveillance, but little apprehension is felt by those who are, or who desire to be engaged in the slave trade; and consequently, instead of looking for a decrease, we naturally shall look for an increase in the fitting out of slave vessels at this port.

It is currently reported by those who know, that a cargo of Africans are now due at Cuba, and that a ship and a brig are on their way home in charge of naval officers; and also that a certain vessel which was fitted out as a whaler within a few weeks past, not at this port, has gone to the African coast for its living freight.

SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.

Correspondence of The World.

PROVINCE OF RIO DE JANEIRO,
Brazil, June 1, 1860.

IT seems to me that what Brazil has most to fear, not at this time, but in the course of a few years, is a servile insurrection. And a few words, explaining some of the features of the slave system, will show the subject to be one which merits some attention. Outside of the capital there are but two classes of free population, if we omit the store-keepers and petty tradesmen, whose aggregate number is so small as scarcely to entitle them to a place in a distinct classification.

The first comprises the *Fazendieros* or planters, the nobility and gentry, who own all the property in the country; the second are *gregarios*, who live by permission on the lands of the *Fazendieros*, cultivating corn, rice and sugar-cane in quantities barely sufficient for their annual consumption. The plantations and residences of the slave owners are scattered over the country, from five to twenty or thirty miles apart, with no other means of rapid communication between them than a mule and a stony path. The slaves, in number from fifty to two thousand, are allowed the most unrestrained intercourse among themselves. Nearly every negro man has, in addition to the bill-hook with which he clears the land, a long knife, which he uses to cut rice and cane. The number of whites on each plantation is generally very small, consisting, in addition to the family of the owner, of a manager and one or more overseers, in proportion to the number of slaves. No weapons of any description, except perhaps one or two fowling pieces, are kept on the place. What could not fifty or five hundred men, armed with bill-hooks, clubs and knives, execute in a moment on a dozen, who had no other weapons than shot-guns, and were miles away from their nearest neighbors, who might be in the same position themselves, and unable to render them any assistance? What is to prevent the slaves in any province or section of the empire from rising at any hour, murdering their owners, and taking possession of all the arms and ammunition they could find in the *fagendas* and country stores—gain such headway that it would be almost, if not quite, impossible to reduce them again to subjection? And yet the fact that such an occurrence is by no means impossible never seems to occur to the parties most interested, and who would be the greatest sufferers should it actually take place.

No one seems to feel that he is over a mine which may explode when he least expects it; and the answers, when the subject is brought into conversation, are: first, that there are no facilities of communication between the different *fazendas* where these large bodies of blacks are kept, and that without these facilities there could be no unity or concert of action, indispensible to success in such an undertaking; and secondly, that even were means of communicating intelligence between the negroes in different parts of the country established, so that there could be a definite understanding and a fixed place of commencement and action decided on, the minds of the negroes themselves are not prepared to execute it. But in ten years from this time, there will probably be five hundred miles of railroad in operation in the three provinces of Rio de Janeiro, Minas Geares and Sao Paulo. These railroads will create a demand and a necessity for connecting wagon roads. The facilities of travelling and power of communicating intelligence rapidly from one part of the country to another greatly increased. The *vendas*, or stores, which exist at intervals of from one to five miles along the different roads, and to which the negroes have ready access on Sundays and holidays, will afford good places for the emissaries or messengers of any plot to arrange with the negroes the necessary details. At present a journey through the country must be accomplished on mules, and—the number of travellers being comparatively small—a stranger cannot pass through a village or near a *fazenda* or store without attracting notice and curiosity. But an increase in the means of travel will promote a corresponding increase in the number of travellers. Where one passes now a hundred will pass then. Curiosity or suspicion cannot keep its scrutinizing eye on every stranger who may not get out of a railroad train or tie his mule in front of a *venda*; there will be no obstacle to prevent a ready communication between the slaves on the different plantations. Then, again, though the majority of the slaves are natives of this country, many of them are Africans, who were brought here before the prohibition of the slave-trade. Having been born and spent their youth among the fiercest tribes of the coast of Africa, whose most marked traits are those of cunning and cruelty, these men are certainly dangerous companions for the negroes who, are only watching for an opportunity to rise with some prospects of success. To suppose that they have forgotten that they were ever free, and are perfectly contented in their present condition, seems to me a disregard of the evidences of discontent which every day exhibit themselves. I will relate one or two occurrences which took place during the year I passed in the provinces. Some months since, near Parhyba do Sul, a negro killed his overseer, and, getting possession of a single-barrelled shot-gun, took to the forest. He was pursued and overtaken, and, turning on his pursuers, said: "I can only kill one of you, but that will be the first who tries to take me." They rushed on him. True to his word, he fired on the foremost, who fell dead. He was then secured and lodged in jail. Not long ago, the owner of a large *fazenda* of the river Parahyba, having been much annoyed by evidences of a refractory spirit and a want of subordination among his negroes, discovered the ring-leader, or king, as they called him. Having sent for him to his room, he said to him: "I hear that you are the cause of all the trouble I have had lately. You are a nice king, are you not? Who is to be your queen?" The man answered: "My young mistress will be my queen, and that some day sooner than you think," and, turning suddenly around, gained the door and was a hundred yards from the house before his owner had recovered from his surprise. The hounds were put on his track, and a pursuit commenced; but the fugitive had gained the woods, and search proved vain. The vast forests which cover the greater part of the country are filled with runaways. In the southern part of Sao Paulo there is a rendezvous of fugitive slaves which has existed for several years, keeping up a system of petty skirmishing with the government troops posted in the vicinity. Last year, a strong force was sent with orders to break up the gang, which was effected. Many of the negroes were killed, more taken, and the remainder escaped, dispersing to different parts of the country. *Scarcely a day* passes in which the suicide of a slave is not recorded in the city papers.

These facts are certainly evidences of existing danger. The crisis may not come for a long time, but sooner or later it will come. The long-smothered hatred to the whites will break out like a fire in the night, and the scenes of St. Domingo, in all their horrible details, be enacted in the mountains of Brazil.

A BULL'S-EYE IN THE BASTILE AT WASHINGTON.

WE apprehend the Senate of the United States did not by any means know what they were doing when they caught Mr. Hyatt, and shut him up with poor negroes whose jail-fees had not been paid, in the prison at Washington. They did not once think of the secrets of the prison-house that might be discovered and betrayed. They did not think of the possible consequences of the introduction of an ardent missionary of freedom and of human rights under a colored skin, into such a den of oppression and wretchedness.

It is not the first time that Mr. Hyatt has been the instrument of introducing day into night.

> "He lets in light on Pluto's dark abodes,
> Abhorred of men and dreadful e'en to gods."

It is the light that is abhorred by the tenants of the Pantheon of our modern mythology, and not the dungeon into which Mr. Hyatt has poured it. I have said, Ye are gods, but ye walk on in darkness; ye know not, neither will ye understand; ye accept the persons of the wicked, but defend not the poor and fatherless; and all the foundations of the earth are out of course. The light is dreadful, because of the abominations it discloses; and Mr. Hyatt, whose vocation it is to let in light upon subterranean regions and dark subjects, has put a Bull's-Eye into the Senate, and into the prison walls of the slaveholding power, through which, as through a blind semi-transparency, the people may get a revelation of hidden iniquities. Between Mr. Covode's researches outside the prison, and Mr. Hyatt's discoveries within, we are in a fair way to add an important chapter to our experience of human depravity and political corruption.

Mr. Hyatt has been led, as we shall see, by some things that have taken place in his prison, to look a little into the origin and sanction of slavery in Maryland law. His views of the difference between the authority of the Constitution and of certain laws that profess to derive their sanction from it, but nevertheless palpably contradict both its letter and its spirit, we think are just. The Constitution is not to be interpreted by bad laws, the offspring of eggs deposited in it by *Borers*, that, when they are hatched, seem to issue from it, and indeed have drawn their strength from it. But the laws are to be judged by the Constitution; and any law having for its object the enslavement of any man, no matter of what color or race, or the perpetuity of such enslavement for himself and his children, is unconstitutional, if for no other reason, simply because the Constitution was framed by the people of the United States to establish justice, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity. * * * *

But let us consider for a moment what our imprisoned friend has been busied upon (now fetched out by the magistrates) during his enjoyment of the leisure for meditation and study forced upon him by the Senate. Writing from Washington jail, he says: "I fear I am becoming a nuisance to the proprietors of this establishment; there is danger that they will turn me out in pure self-defence, if I keep on. Just think of it! A white-colored man (particularly white), has been for six months using up the provisions of this establishment (salt herring and corn-bread) and now my lawyer, whom I think of contracting with by the year for this kind of business, has caused his release, WITHOUT PAYING ANY JAIL FEES! and upon the more and singular as well as simple reason, that the whole thing is ILLEGAL! I am becoming very learned in *old* Maryland law."

"Observe, all Maryland laws not abolished by Congress (not superseded by Congressional statutes), that were in force at the time of the cession of the District, are in force *now*; and I think the little 'worshipfuls' within these ten miles square are but ill posted. They, the officers of Court, and the Marshals, have now for these many years been violating law, and *incurring penalties!* I am in for this fight too; with the divine blessing, I hope to stir up this menagerie of beasts until there is a perfect howl. As I am in the den, and know the lion, I may as well go ahead."

"I thought my fight with slavery was to be in Kansas; it seems I was mistaken. This is the spot. I am willing to be planted here. It is the place where liberty ought to flourish. A *colony of men*, who make no account of life, should come here and *work*. There is enough to do. All I ask here against slavery is just to have law administered, law as it is. If my opinion is not too hastily formed, there is not to-day in the District of Columbia a slave held *legally!*"

"The old laws of Maryland were enacted at a time when slavery was not regarded as *perpetual*, or with *power* of perpetuity. The element of death was in it. Only the barbarian who was enslaved was thereby a slave, and *baptism* made *him* free. It was to save his soul, poor heathen! that his body was enslaved. *His children were free of necessity.* This was England's common law principle. The Apologists of slavery tell us constantly how England forced slavery on us. No such thing. England is not responsible at all for our thrice cursed 'Institution.' Read the old laws of Maryland. In order to maintain slavery beyond the limits of the common law of England, it became necessary for the Colonies *to pass special acts* to enslave *the progeny*; and a rigid and fair construction of these acts *confines* the slavery to the *children of the originally enslaved*; the acts do not touch *their* children."

The disinterment of this principle and these laws by Mr. Hyatt is of incalculable importance in reference to the infinite enormity of *child-stealing* foisted as an obligation and a right into our Constitution from local State laws, describing the parents as slaves. Now it is affirmed that *service due* means slavery, and parents being bound to *service due*, the Constitution, which was ordained by the people of the United States to establish justice and liberty for themselves and their posterity, secures the cruelty and injustice of slavery, the fate of inevitable chattelism, for the babes of those who are held to *service due*. The *service due* of the parents is secured by the Constitution, thus diabolically perverted and interpreted, as unmitigated chattelism, the state of being bought and sold as merchandise, as brute beasts, as heirs of that kind of justice and liberty ordained by the Constitution for themselves and their posterity.

But Mr. Hyatt continues: "In Maryland we cannot of course hope for the benefits of this construction at present, nor here, as yet, in the District of Columbia. But the time will come, it is to be hoped, when, with the National Executive and Judiciary in the hands of freedom-lovers, this good work may be successfully accomplished. Why, even here, this much has been done. Before Judge Cranch, in recorded cases, it has been held that over this whole District, notwithstanding Virginia ceded a portion, Maryland law prevailed, rather than Virginia law, *on the ground of the former looking to freedom*, where the latter did not! And Maryland, herself a slave State, has time and again exerted her sovereign power against Virginia, and set Virginia slaves free for having been brought into the State of Maryland from Virginia contrary to the laws of Maryland; it being a remarkable fact that Maryland law always looked *to the dying out of slavery!*"

"This is the idea. The common law of England killed slavery in the death of the person enslaved. Maryland, by statute of her own, interfered with this principle so far as to make the child of the enslaved a slave also; thus extending the 'Institution' to the second generation, but no further. She also, in 1796, prohibited the importation of slaves. Limited by the principles of the common law of England, in force in the colonies, Maryland, on the death of the imported slaves, would have been a free State of necessity, but she chose by specific statute to enslave the succeeding generation. Even that generation would have been free if Parliament had done its duty at home, and by proper action nullified the Act of the Colony, which was in violation of natural right, and of the very genius of the 'Institution' as it existed in England; and also without the seeming justification by which the original barbarian was enslaved, *for the good of his soul.* I think there is just here a great amount of ammunition with which to fight the political slave gamblers of the country."

"This slavery of the colonies had its base in no recognized property in man, no perpetual ownership of him through progeny, but in an assumed benefit to be done him. His children, being born in a Christian land, were no longer heathen. Natural birth made them Christians, as baptism or professed spiritual birth made the heathen parent Christian; and being *Christianized*, they could no longer be slaves."

"The Roman law, '*partus sequitur ventrem*,' was not the law of English slavery; from the nature of the 'Institution,' from its theory, it could not be. If such were the case, how did it happen that Maryland found it necessary to make the laws she did? The fact that Maryland did *legislate the children of enslaved persons into slavery*, overthrows the assumption of '*partus sequitur ventrem*'; and the fact that the law went no further than the children, and did not extend to grandchildren, leaves the latter of necessity free-born; and being born free, they cannot be enslaved, for this would be to enslave Christians, which, by the theory of English originated slavery, is an absurdity."

"It follows, then, that judged even by the Law of Slavery, and admitting that slavery may even have a legal existence, and rightful *because legal*, upon the lower-law theory even, it looks as though in our country there is no slavery to-day, except in violation of its own basis of existence! That is, if the other slave States are in the same plight with Maryland.'

"If this be so, it seems to me that we may look for a party in the country, who, admitting the Constitution, but claiming law, shall be preeminently the law and order party. Such a party, resting on law, which the lower-law party professes so highly to respect, ought to be able to war against slavery in the States as well as to forbid its entrance into the Territories. I would like you to meet the pother of England's forcing slavery on her colonies, by the patent fact that the colonies maintained it only by outraging the common law of England, as well as all natural right."

This investigation must be pursued. If the result of Mr. Hyatt's imprisonment, and of the legal studies into which the despotism of the Senate has driven him, should be merely and only a demonstration of these points, we should have reason to thank God for the unexpected benefit. Mr. Hyatt could afford to be the anvil even, on which the unintentional blacksmiths of the Senate should beat into form and temper these legal weapons against the monstrous iniquity of slavery, meantime unwittingly striking out such streams of light by the way.—*Dr. Cheever, in The Independent.*

MR. BANCROFT ON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

From The Tribune.

MR. RUFUS CHOATE, deceased, has left upon record his opinion that the ethics of the Declaration of Independence are merely "glittering generalities." Mr. Caleb Cushing, muzzy and mazy as he is in thought and expression, has contrived to assert with tolerable clearness that, in his opinion, "all men are *not* born free and equal." Mr. Charles O'Conor is of the same mind. So, in his day, was Mr. John C. Calhoun. Of course, there is nothing to be astonished at in this resort to arrogant paradox. These gentlemen, living or dead, having determined beforehand to defend a bad system, could begin the work in no other way than by ignoring the axioms of the Revolution. Not until the broad humanity of the Declaration had been explained, philosophized and sophisticated to mere nothingness, or to something sadder, were these traitors to universal fraternity able to repeat, without blushing, sentiments too revolting to be suddenly

claimed, in a burst of indignant uprightness: "Surely it was a goodly sign, a goodly monument, the sign of the judge's skin. I pray God we may once see the sign of the skin in England!" And again, in the last sermon which the stern chaplain delivered in the same august presence, "in his court at Westminster," Latimer took occasion to shame some judicial offender in this fashion: "He that took the silver basin and ewer for a bribe, thinketh that it will never come out; but he may now know that I know it, and I know it not alone, there be more beside me that know it. * * * I can never believe that he that is a briber shall be a good justice. *It will be merry in England till we have the skins of such.*" Three centuries have rolled by. The Bench of Britain has been long free from the imputation of similar corruption. But perchance its modern exemption, from such suspicions even, may in part be traced to the quaint fearlessness of the pulpit, when filled by worthies so earnest and dauntless as good Hugh Latimer.—*Examiner.*

The poet says that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and the truth of the remark, in moral as well as natural scenery, is illustrated in the case before us. *The Observer* can admire the courage of glorious old Latimer at the distance of one hundred years off. It can applaud him when he stood single-handed and alone, and rebuked the supreme judges of the British realm for their rapacity and corruption. Its modesty is not shocked when the brave reformer calls for the *skins* of the judicial sanctuaries who had prostituted their place to vile purposes. But when George B. Cheever, of New York, in the spirit of Latimer, rebukes the Supreme Court of the United States for disfranchising and dehumanizing four millions of American citizens, as is done by the Dred Scott decision, this religious newspaper brands him as a wicked and dangerous fanatic. What were the bribes taken by the English judges, and working the forfeiture of their skins in the estimation of Latimer, when compared with the crime of the Supreme Court of the United States, perpetrated, in complicity with the President, against a whole nation of colored people? During the late anniversary exercises of the American Anti-Slavery Society at New York, the most eloquent man among all the able men who spoke was Robert Purvis, a "black" man, who, notwithstanding his wealth, talents and moral worth, is ostracised from the rights of American citizenship by the atrocity of the Supreme Court. On a recent occasion he was going into the United States Court room to offer bail for a prisoner, when an Irish official at the door forbade his entrance because he was "black," and because the Supreme Court had declared that he had no rights which a white man was bound to respect. Although he pays heavy taxes to support the State Government, he has no vote; while a foreigner, whose lungs have scarcely been inflated with American atmosphere, and who has no stake in the government at all, goes to the polls and deposits his ballot. We were one of an audience of three thousand at the Cooper Institute who heard from Mr. Purvis's own lips the indignities to which he and his colored brethren were subjected by the legislation of this country, and we blushed for shame at the gross injustice. Yet, when ministers of the gospel stand up in their pulpits and rebuke the inhuman conduct of the Supreme Court which sanctions, in the name of the law, the cruelties practiced upon a race, the whole Pharisaical press, headed by *The New York Observer*, pronounces their conduct scandalous! Dr. Cheever, on account of his position in New York, the great commercial metropolis of this country, has the eyes of millions, both in Europe and America, upon him, waiting to see the result of his bold stand for truth and righteousness. We are painfully afraid that his enemies will crush him. *The Observer*, with its co-worker, *The Herald*—Dr. Prime and brother Bennett—are in league against him. And *The Independent*, taking advantage of several blunders committed by Dr. Cheever and his friends, gives him the cold shoulder. Besides this, the Doctor has not the personal popularity of Ward Beecher and Theodore Cuyler, and persons of that stamp, who have the faculty of attaching men to them. Cheever is terribly in earnest. He does all his things by main force of argument and illustration. His denunciations against the sanctified and legalized iniquity of the day come hissing hot, as they did from the lips of the old prophets of Israel and Judah. And only those whose souls are fired with the same truths can listen with pleasure to his admirable discourses. He is the Hugh Latimer of New York, calling, in the name of justice, for the *skins* of corrupt Judges and Senators; and although *The Observer* and *The Herald* dare not kindle the faggots around him, as their illustrious predecessors did with the English reformer, they will leave no stone unturned to destroy him. But we ask the attention of our readers to the inconsistency of the first named of these cowardly sheets in praising the faithful conduct of Latimer while it condemns the equally courageous zeal of Cheever.

$50 REWARD.—RANAWAY from the subscriber, near Double Springs P. O., Oktibbeha Co., Miss., on the 9th inst., my negro Boy LITLETON, said boy is of Copper Colour, about 5 feet 5 inches high, about 37 years of age, with a shot in his right wrist on the inside of the arm, if not extracted, has a small scar over one of his eyes, not recolected which, has large eyes, teeth sound in front, between points of shoulders 15 inches, rather thin inclined to run down his shoes, has several scars on the right leg and thigh, he makes some pretension to proper language as he can Read, Write and Cypher a little, he may have a pass of some sort and can tell any kind of a tale to suit his purpose, as he is noxious to get to the *Black republicans.*

The above reward will be given to any Person for his apprehension if taken out of this State, or Twenty Five Dollars if taken in the State, and lodged in any Jail so that I get him or for such information as will secure his recovery.

Double Springs April 17, 1860. SAMUEL COOPER, M. D.

P. M.—Please put up in some conspicuous place.

You dam black scoundrel do you know any thing about this nigger.

The above handbill was sent to *The Tribune*, and, in accordance with the request in the P. *M.*, we put it in the most "conspicuous place" we know of. We regret to be obliged to inform our esteemed correspondent—if we may use that endearing term—Samuel Cooper, M. D., that none of the "dam scoundrels" of any color in this establishment, have any knowledge whatever of the "nigger" Littleton, who is copper colored, nor of the "Boy," who is a boy at 37 years of age. If we hear of him, however, we promise to let the Dr. know. And being thus candid with that gentleman, having thus done all we can for him, under the circumstances, in advertising this errant and undoubtedly ungrateful fugitive, who makes so many pretensions, has cleverness enough to invent so many tales, and is covered with so many scars—will the good Dr., in return, answer us a question or two? We want to know about those scars, partly from moral, but chiefly from surgical, motives.

How came there to be a shot in Littleton's right wrist on the inside of the arm? The Boy, we presume, is not trusted with fire-arms; and if he were, we do not well see how he could shoot himself in that particular spot. Neither is it very likely that he could have been shot by any of his companions when sporting, as recreation of that sort, we believe, is not a favorite in his class of the happy proletaries of the sweet South. If he were a Northern white man and mechanic, one of our unhappy "mud-sills," we should think he had been shot at with some murderous intention; but that, we know, is a thing they never do on the other side of the border.

Now, on one of his eyes is "a small scar." Is this also from a shot? Did a part of the charge that lodged in the wrist just fall short of a lodgment in the brain also? Or was it some other assailant of the citadel of life that failed to make a breach here in the walls?

"On the right leg and thigh," also, there are "several scars." Possibly, gun-shot. That they are on the right side, also, favors that supposition. Perhaps it is these that cause "the rocking walk," for gun-shot wounds are sometimes known to be inconvenient, and even crippling. But if the supposition be correct that a charge of buck-shot has left these wounds and scars, propound to us the occasion, good Doctor, of such shooting. Here and there among us is a man who has brought home from war some honorable scars; here and there a man whom some accident has crippled; but we do not remember ever to have heard before of a case like this, where a wretch is scarred over half his body with marks of wounds, one of which, at least, was made by shot, and others, it is rational to conclude, have a similar cause. Hides so peppered are unknown among us, except it be of beasts. Are men thus used in Mississippi?

We reiterate our promise—Dr. Cooper shall certainly hear from us if we hear from Lit. But our report may not be as mollifying to the Doctor's outraged feelings, as his salve, we do not permit ourselves to doubt, has always been to the wounds of Lit. On the whole, we think that Boy has had shooting enough: We hope he has a pass of some sort. We trust his ability to "tell any kind of a tale to suit his purpose" will stand him in good stead; and his laudable anxiety to get to the Black Republicans shall be gratified, if we fall in with him, for he shall go at once to the headquarters of the nearest Republican Club. They are law-abiding men, and will render due obedience to the Fugitive Slave law, when properly brought home to their consciences and reason. But if Littleton gets among them, and Samuel Cooper, M. D., is not very close behind him, the chances of a Commissioner for a ten dollar fee will be, in that case, small. As Littleton makes "some pretension to proper language, as he can read and write," a pretension and accomplishment to which, it is very clear, the Dr. himself has no title, we should not be willing to guarantee that some rough fellows in this neighborhood might not, if they caught the two together, give up the M. D. to the copper-colored as a fugitive from justice, with rather more readiness than they would hand over the Boy to the M. D. as a fugitive from labor. Not that we approve of such conduct, but we think there might be some disposition to such behavior among the rougher sort of the "dam scoundrels."—*Tribune.*

Gov. WISE has pronounced the nomination of Breckinridge and Lane the most admirable that could be made to save the Union. Those who are anxious for the Union's salvation will now see what they have to do.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE DEMOCRATIC DISRUPTION.

IF signs and wonders are any proof of the approaching end of all things political in this country, that consummation must be at hand. The end must be begun already. We, watchers upon the towers, looking into the night in the firm faith that a better day must be near the breaking, have discerned the portents of coming changes long before they have compelled the sight of common eyes. The present state of things in this country is but the fulfilment of the prophecies with which the Abolitionists have been vexing the ears of the people for near twenty years. The inevitable division of the parties in the country according to the points of the compass, and the necessary absorption of all other political issues by those immediately growing out of slavery, we have declared in our published Reports over and over again. Only, the change has come about much sooner than we had ever dared to affirm or even to hope. Even the fervid imagination of Abolitionism, winged with hope and faith, could not apprehend the swiftness of the flight of the events of our history, though it could plainly discern its course and its goal.

But there have been some developments which it had never entered into the heart of the most fanatic of Anti-Slavery prophets to conceive of—some events which, even in the faith of the most sanguine of such believers, panting Time must forever toil after in vain, he has actually overtaken, and set out in pursuit of fresh ones. That the National parties must become virtually Sectional ones, we knew; because we knew that there is no real ground of political divisions in the United States excepting slavery and its fruits, and that therefore the natural distinction of parties was—Northern and Southern, Slavery and Anti-Slavery. But we had never, in our wildest dreams of future possibilities, seen the Democratic party rent asunder by these political agencies, and dividing itself according to these normal affinities. If there were a political axiom which defied doubt and challenged question, it was that of the identity of the Democratic and Slavocratic ideas. That there could be any demand made of the Northern Democracy by the Slave Power that they would not rejoice to comply with, any humiliation that they would not greedily accept as the highest of honors, any suit and service that they would not be swift to render, counting all things joy that should prove their unwavering loyalty to their Southern masters, these indeed seemed to be fantasies too fantastic even to float across the dreaming mind, much less ever to take their place as actual entities in the domain of sober reality. And yet we have lived to see this thing happen. Our eyes behold the day when Northern Democrats are in the eyes of their late Southern compeers even as Black Republicans—yea, even as Abolitionists—with whom their soul can have no communion and their hands no dealings.

We cannot, indeed, affirm that the Northern fragment of this Democratic party altogether deserves this honorable reproach. We trust that it may yet grow up into this perfect stature—and after what we have seen come to pass we shall be slow to deny the possibility of any miracle of conversion—but at present it is doing it honor overmuch to accuse it of any such precocity of virtue. We imagine that it hath been building very much better than it knew, and that a great proportion of its members are scarcely conscious of the philosophy of the process by which they have been put where they find themselves. They have felt the indignity of being compelled to submit to the last most ignoble burden that their taskmasters had chosen to saddle them withal. It was but the increment of a feather, but it was enough to break the back of the long patient camel. Very possibly they did not attribute the catastrophe to the long accumulating weight of submissions, of which the last demand was but the culminating excess, and thought that all that had been piled upon their back for long years was but a reasonable and proper load to bear, and that there was something new and strange in the latest imposition. And yet it was but the logical sequence of all that had gone before. The annexation of Texas, the Mexican war and its attendant spoliations, the Fugitive Slave bill, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the conspiracy against Kansas, all these things the Northern Democracy had swallowed, digested and assimilated into the substance of its being. Could the slaveholders have supposed that a party which had thrown open the gate to permit them to go with their slaves into a Territory that was willing to receive them, would object to the gate being held open for them by the Federal Government, should a Territory presume to shut it in their faces?

It is odd enough that Mr. Douglas should have been the one to be crushed by this ruthless logic of the slave-masters. Like the ancient sycophant who invented the brazen ball for the tyrant Phalaris, and who was the first to prove its excellence by his own agonies, Mr. Douglas had furnished the slaveholders with a new instrument of their tortures, and he was himself the victim of the very device he had contrived. He had thought to commend himself to their eternal gratitude by repealing the Ordinance which stood across their path into the North-Western Territories, as the flaming sword guarded the gate of Paradise, and they trampled upon him because he would not consent to its being converted into a weapon to keep Freedom at bay, instead. He, good easy man, thought they would be thankful for the permission to enter into any of the Territories, before sacred from their tread, with their men-servants and maid-servants, which might be willing to receive and protect them. But, as soon as this was secured, they turned upon him and demanded that every Territory should be compelled by force of the Federal arms to admit them and their slaves, whether it liked it or not. This was a gloss upon his doctrine of Popoular Sovereignty which its author was not prepared to accept. Or, if he were willing to submit to any test that might be presented as the qualification for the Presidency, he knew that he could not take it without losing more at the North than all he could gain at the South could counterbalance. Hence the bitterness of hatred with which he has been pursued by the slaveholders and the sordid wretches they retain in the North by the money of the nation.

It is this that gives its whole significance to this passage of history. Nothing that the Repealer of the Missouri Compromise can do or suffer can ever relieve him from the brand of infamy which he stands condemned to bear forever at the bar of the world. All the punishment that can be meted out to him can be but a fraction of what he deserves to receive. A more utterly profligate politician never breathed. A more disgusting political reptile was never hatched in the reeking slime of our American politics. That he would himself be ready for any crime against Liberty that might promise profit to himself, no intelligent mind can doubt that is cognizant of what he has done. It is the fact that he did not dare to commit the fresh crime that was asked at his hands, and the reason why, that elevates his position into one of substantial importance. It is the proof that a large portion of the Northern Democrats had reached the point of submission beyond which they would not go, which his nomination and its effects contain, that give them a life and meaning not their own. With the instinct of a selfish politician, he felt that he had already overstepped the line of pro-slavery prudence, and that another movement forward would lose him his Northern support. The history of sixty years has proved the truth of John Randolph's boast—"You think to govern us by our *black* slaves; but we will govern you by your *white* slaves!" They have done it. The laboring classes of the North have been led by empty names to swell the triumphs of the meanest and dirtiest oligarchy on earth. That insurrection has been possible, and has actually disorganized the great national pro-slavery party, is the glimpse of light which seems to indicate a brighter future at hand.

We are very sure that we shall have the confirmation of the hostile witness of the slaveholders when we say that the Abolitionists have been the original cause of this disruption of the Democracy. Our persistent agitation of the subject of slavery, and our carrying its discussion into all quarters of the free States, and obtruding it on all occasions, has compelled the most reluctant minds to know something of the abominations of slavery and of the perpetual insult that it is to Free Labor. We think we may claim not merely the creation of the Republican party as our handiwork, but the destruction of the Democratic party as well. For that it is destroyed, we regard as an assured fact. It may struggle for an organic existence for awhile; it may very possibly have the nominal possession of the Government for the next four years; but the sceptre of its dominion has passed away from it forever. Parties must hereafter take more and more their normal conditions of Northern and Southern, of Slavery and Anti-Slavery. The result may be the disruption of the Union. It cannot fail to be the predominance of Northern influences at Washington. It will take time to make these what they should be, and to give them force and direction. But one of the great bulwarks of slavery is overthrown when a party obtains control of the Government and its patronage without any slaveholding element in it. That the Republican party will be that party, we will not affirm; but, if it be not, it will have to give way to a better one. The immediate consequence of this Democratic chaos must be either the election of Mr. Lincoln or the carrying of the decision into Congress, which can have but one result, the election of Mr. Lane by the Senate—a state of things, we should judge, the most desirable even for the Republicans. With a strong Northern Opposition in the House, Mr. Lane could do but little harm, while, with the strong Southern Opposition in the Senate, Mr. Lincoln could do but little good. An honest Northern party would be more masters of the situation, for the next four years, in opposition than in power. And it certainly would stand a much better chance of remaining honest.

THE CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE following is an extract from the last annual report of this Society:

"Your Committee are especially gratified in reporting that a greatly increased attention is being given, in the religious journals, in the Churches, and in ecclesiastical and ministerial associations, to the great principle inculcated by this Society, of refusing Christian fellowship to slaveholders, and of exclusion from the Christian Church, for the practice of slaveholding, *on account of the inherent sinfulness of holding human beings as property*, which defines, and in which consists the crime of slaveholding.

"And although a distinguished Doctor of Divinity, at a late public meeting in the commercial metropolis of our country, has defied the moral sense of Christendom, by boldly declaring that he had himself bought and sold slaves, and, under similar circumstances, would do so again; that he preached these views from his pulpit, and that being a slaveholder was not a matter of controversy or Church recognition—yet, would that minister and his like-minded associates of the Old School Presbyterian Church, feel, ere long, the scathing condemnation of the Church universal, if they did not already experience the withering contempt of all the surviving manhood of the country.

"Your Committee are compelled to add, that in their view, it is such utterances and such an attitude toward slavery, taken by leading representative ministers, editors of *Observers*, and elders in different parts of the country, North and South, that is doing more than all other causes together to bring the Church and the ministry into contempt among the people, if not to carry many of them, by the mere force of repulsion, from such a slaveholding semblance of Christianity, into the, at least, humane embrace of modern infidelity. *The question is worthy of grave consideration, whether the real infidels and infidel-makers of our country and times are not to be found in some of the boasted oracles and seats of orthodoxy.*"

We confess ourselves ignorant of any facts that could afford a sufficient warrant for the statement in the first paragraph of the above extract, that "a greatly increased attention is being given in the religious journals, in the Churches, and in ecclesiastical and ministerial associations, to the great principle" of the inherent sinfulness of slavery and the duty of refusing religious fellowship to slaveholders. The Secretary of the Church Anti-Slavery Society is doubtless better informed in such matters than we are, but we cannot help suspecting that he penned this remark under the influence of a somewhat too roseate hopefulness. We certainly do not remember a time when the popular ecclesiastical bodies of New England exhibited a more heartless indifference to the principle referred to, or to the anti-slavery cause in any and every shape, than marks their latest proceedings. Witness the *unanimous* rejection by the Connecticut General Association of the resolution presented by Mr. Cheever, and the refusal of the General Association of Massachusetts to permit him, as an agent of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, to speak a word in its behalf. The recent proceedings of the representative bodies of Congregationalism in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont are barren of anything that could warrant the hope that the Churches in those States are any more prepared now than heretofore to embrace the principles of the Church Anti-Slavery Society.

As to who are "the real infidels and infidel-makers of the country," we cannot think there is any longer a "question" to be "gravely considered," but, on the contrary, an affirmation, of a most positive and unqualified character, which all true Christians should join in making and constantly reiterating, viz.: that the Churches and the Pulpits which sanction slaveholding, either in principle or practice, or refuse or neglect to bear an earnest and consistent testimony against it as a sin abhorred of God and repugnant to the principles of Christianity, are not Christian but INFIDEL Pulpits and Churches, and, as such, to be denounced and shunned. We wish the Church Anti-Slavery Society and its officers had the courage to proclaim this undeniable truth in the ears of the people, and to cease talking of those who are carried by "the force of repulsion" and disgust from such Pulpits and Churches, and whose lives are a constant struggle to follow the precepts and example of Jesus, as if *they*, after all, had taken a plunge into "modern infidelity." Of what avail is it that men who refuse to obey Christ organize themselves into Churches to swell the hypocritical cry of "Lord, Lord"? And why, on account of supposed errors of opinion, deny the Christian name to those whose lives of self-sacrifice and devotion are proof that they have "the spirit of Christ" and the love of God in their hearts? Is not the rule of Christ, "Ye shall know them by their fruits," perfectly adapted to the present age? Why, then, shrink from the consequences of its faithful application?

STILL IN THE BONDS OF INIQUITY.

WE must ask our readers to pardon the credulity which led us, in spite of the sad experiences of the last twenty-five years, to admit the *possibility* that a leading ecclesiastical body of New England had repented of its complicity with slavery! The day has not yet arrived when such a "good thing" can reasonably be expected to come out of such a "Nazareth." When an influential New England ecclesiastical association shall actually be found speaking against slavery in unequivocal terms as a *sin*, and confessing the guilt of the Church in so long giving it countenance and support, we need no longer despair of gathering grapes from thorns and figs from thistles. When we saw the following resolution in *The Tribune*, prefaced by the positive statement that it had been "adopted" by the General Association (Congregational) of Connecticut, we ought not for a moment to have doubted that that paper had been misled.

"Resolved, That the responsibility of a longer continuance of slavery in the United States rests mainly with Christian Churches and ministers, and that the Church Anti-Slavery Society, which seems to have arisen from this deep conviction, should have the earnest cooperation of the friends of freedom and Christianity in its honest attempt to array the Churches against slavery, and to procure from them an expression of Christian abhorrence of slaveholding."

So far from having been adopted by the body referred to, the resolution was, together with the series of which it formed a part, *indefinitely postponed by a unanimous vote.* So says *The New York Observer*, and the statement is confirmed by the Norwich *Bulletin*, which tells us that this disgraceful action was taken "without debate."

The resolutions were introduced by Rev. Henry T. Cheever, of Jewett City, Secretary of the Church Anti-Slavery Society. We put them on record for his honor and the Association's disgrace.

Whereas, The Christian Church and ministry are, in American Society, a fountain of influence, second to no other in virtue, and capable, therefore, of wielding a formative power over public opinion and practice throughout the country; and

Whereas, History shows, as lately developed in the historical address of Rev. Dr. Bacon, at the 150th anniversary of the General Association of Connecticut, that it was in the year 1779, at the very first session of the Legislature of this State "after an Address and Petition from the General Association, praying that some effectual laws may be made for the abolition of the slave trade," that the slave trade *was* prohibited to citizens of Connecticut, and heavy penalties denounced against it; therefore,

Resolved, As the sense of this Association, at its 151st meeting, that there is good reason to believe whenever the voice of the Ministry and the Church in all its denominations shall be heard as decisively against the unchristian practice of slaveholding, and against the iniquitous system of American slavery that began with, and now itself sustains the execrable slave trade, there is good reason to believe that both our National and State Legislatures generally will respond as promptly as did the Connecticut Legislature of 1779, and will *prohibit slaveholding also, as well as the slave trade, by heavy penalties against it.* Therefore,

Resolved, further, That the responsibility of a longer continuance of slavery in the United States rests *mainly* with Christian Churches and Ministers, and that the Church Anti-Slavery Society, which seems to have arisen from this deep conviction, should have the earnest cooperation of the friends of Freedom and Christianity in its honest attempt to array the Churches against slavery, and to procure from them an expression of Christian abhorrence of slaveholding.

Our friends of the Church Anti-Slavery Society are learning the truth of which we apprized them more than a year ago, viz.: that Abolitionism is no more acceptable to the orthodox clergy of New England, under the auspices of an orthodox society, than under the propounding of "the arch-heretic, William Lloyd Garrison." And our English friends will do well to note how the poor success of the Church Anti-Slavery Society corroborates all that we, Dr. Cheever and others have said in regard to the pro-slavery position and character of most of the Churches and ministers of this country. Witness the reception given, by the Congregational General Association of Connecticut, to the above resolutions. And yet what is there in them, or in the preamble, which the members could construe as offensive, except the stigmatizing of slaveholding as an unchristian practice, and the implied responsibility of Christian Churches for the longer continuance of slavery in the United States?

What ground is there to hope that the orthodox ministry and Churches of this country can be effectively marshalled against slavery? Real and practical infidelity is too strongly entrenched among them for this; and they are too much under the control of political conservatives, or of jesuitical and ambitious would-be-ecclesiastical leaders. The men who are with them but not of them, like Dr. Cheever and his brother, must come out from them, in order that *their* noble testimony may be felt; and we frankly say to them, they had better come before they are ignominiously driven.

We should think that the hitherto contemptuous ignoring of Mr. Cheever's honest efforts by all the organs of his own denomination, and now the flinging out so unceremoniously of his resolutions when legitimately before the body of ministers to which he belongs, would convince him that he has nothing more to hope for from them. *The Independent* and *ex parte* Councils have done *their* utmost to eject and silence the Pastor of the Church of the Puritans. Connecticut Congregationalism would now like to squelch the Church Anti-Slavery Society and the handful of earnest men who are engaged in it; and if it were not for the tenacious vitality which is inherent in all true Abolitionists, whether in the Church or out of it, they would be likely to succeed.

DR. CHEEVER GOING ABROAD.

WE learn that Dr. Cheever will leave this port for England in the Adriatic on Saturday next, the 14th inst., intending to be absent three or four months. The primary object of the journey is, we presume, the reinvigoration of a constitution overtaxed by the labor and excitement of the last four years; and, incidentally, the promotion of the anti-slavery cause by the diffusion, among the orthodox people of Great Britain, of correct information as to the state of the question in this country, and particularly in relation to the disgraceful and guilty attitude of the American Churches and Ministers. How far the state of his health will permit him, while abroad, to engage in public anti-slavery labors, we cannot tell; but we hope he will be able, as we are sure he will be inclined, to embrace at least a few of the many opportunities, which will doubtless be afforded him, of addressing the British public upon the question with which his name is so honorably identified. That he will receive a cordial and even enthusiastic welcome from earnest and true-hearted Abolitionists of every class on that side of the Atlantic, we cannot for a moment doubt. It is certainly desirable that the people of Great Britain should hear his testimony as to the terrible complicity of the American Churches with slavery, and the need there is that those Churches should be made to feel the stern and faithful rebukes of their orthodox brethren of other nations. On this subject we are sure that he will be found as faithful abroad as he has long been at home, and hence we augur important results from his mission. His unimpeachable orthodoxy will add not a little to the weight of his testimony in the estimation of some who have been too really to believe that the truth, spoken by men whom they deemed heretical, was colored by prejudice or passion. Neither in the writings of Garrison nor in the speeches of Phillips can there be found any charges against the American Churches and Ministers that are not confirmed, and more than confirmed, in the utterances of Dr. Cheever; and if the people of Great Britain are found willing to accept *his* testimony, they can hardly decline hereafter to cooperate with the American Abolitionists, the head and front of whose offending is, that, for more than twenty-five years, "without concealment and without compromise," they have proclaimed the same truths.

We hope that Dr. Cheever, by his public and private labors, will be able to make his brethren in Great Britain see and feel the importance, on their part, of refusing the right hand of religious fellowship to American clergymen whose influence at home is thrown into the scale against the anti-slavery movement. For his faithful labors to enlighten the British public he must expect to encounter fresh abuse at the hands of the pro-slavery clergy and press of the United States. Among the religious journals *The New York Observer* will be particularly venomous and malignant. *The Observer* is not, however, so much to be dreaded as the insidious opposition of such pretended anti-slavery men as Dr. Bacon and Dr. Thompson of *The Independent.* These latter will go as far in evasion and perversion against Abolitionists as any others in America. Dr. Thompson has had the brazen effrontery to characterize as a slander upon Dr. Waddington the literal report of that gentleman's speech before the American Board, in which he sneeringly alluded to Abolitionists as "barking dogs that would not bite," and rebuked them for introducing the subject of slavery into the deliberations of the Board! We shall know what to expect from him.

The British public may be assured that the sympathies of all classes of Abolitionists in America are with Dr. Cheever and those who are laboring with him in what has seemed to us a "forlorn hope," viz.: the attempt to arouse the Churches in reference to this sin.

We may add here, in reference to the attitude of the American Churches toward the Fugitive Slave law, the testimony of Henry Ward Beecher, spoken in 1854, and which, it will be seen, confirms the testimony of Dr. Cheever and Dr. Batchelor:

"Now, how has it been with respect to this system within the last fifty years? So far from going backward, slavery has gained ground in almost every respect—in the bulk of slaves, the number of slave States, in political influence, in public opinion at the South, and public connivance at the North; nothing proves this more than the galvanized Fugitive Slave law, which existed in old times, but had fallen into disrepute, until (for mere political reasons) it was found necessary to give it new eyes, teeth, limbs, and send it hobbling thus through the country. Statesmen were terrified into supporting it, fearing they would lose a Presidential nomination if they did not. *The most sedulous efforts were made to cause religious sentiment to accord with it; and, to our shame, when the question was between the law of God and of the devil, one-half of our pulpits forswore God, and said the higher law was fit for nothing but to be put under foot.*"

Compare this passage with the words of Dr. Batchelor of Glasgow, as quoted in our last, and which *The Independent*, with an impudence all its own, declared had made that gentleman "the butt of all well-informed persons in this country." Perhaps that paper will have the face to impeach Mr. Beecher's testimony also!

A BLUNDER.—A most provoking blunder occurred in our last, in the closing paragraph of the article about Dr. Waddington and *The Independent*; the name of that gentleman being substituted in two instances for that of Dr. Batchelor of Glasgow. The connection, however, shows clearly enough what we meant to say.

THE SPIRIT OF THE INDEPENDENT is clearly revealed in the characteristic article which we copy from its columns this week, under the pro-slavery head. The gross personal abuse which it pours out upon the head of the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society will serve, we think, to open the eyes of such anti-slavery people of Great Britain as have heretofore confided in the representations of that mendacious journal. The offence of Mr. Chamerovzow, for which he has incurred this tempest of "evangelical" malignity, consists simply in the fact that, in the discharge of his official duty, he has sought to enlighten the British public respecting the pro-slavery character and antecedents of certain American clergymen travelling in that country, and especially those of the Rev. Dr. Murray, of Elizabethtown, N. J., who is well known in this country as a pro-slavery man of *The New York Observer* school.

The Independent, after discharging its volley of pious abuse, wipes its mouth and says: "We have no sympathy with Dr. Murray in his position on slavery." English Abolitionists, we think, will not be slow to infer that the "position on slavery" of Dr. Murray must be very bad indeed, since that journal is constrained to say that it has "no sympathy" therewith. Mr. Chamerovzow will hardly need any further evidence to justify himself, in the eyes of English Abolitionists, for his efforts to expose the character of the Elizabethtown "wolf in sheep's clothing."

VICTOR HUGO ON THE BLACK RACE.—Several months ago, Victor Hugo sent an address to the Haytians in regard to John Brown, to which they responded by a vote of thanks. The address and response have already been published, and now we have to add the following letter, addressed by M. Hugo to the negro editor of the Hayti *Progress*, who forwarded the vote:

"Your letter has moved me greatly. You, sir, are a noble specimen of that black humanity which has been so long laboring under oppression and tyranny. From one end to the other of this earth the same flame enlightens mankind; and men of color, like yourself, stand forth as proof of this assertion. The materialists may dispute the question; but one thing is certain, there is but one God. If, therefore, there exists but one Father, we must all be brothers. In defence of this truth John Brown died, in defence of this truth have I been combating all my life long. Upon this earth no individual is either white or black—nothing but spirits. You are one of these. In sight of God every soul is white. I love your country, your race, your liberty, your revolution, your republic; your magnificent and lovely island is pleasant in the sight of all free men. Thence has issued a great example; it has burst the chains of despotism. You will help us also to break the bonds of slavery; for bondage, under every form, must, ere long, disappear. The Southerners, by killing John Brown, have forever extinguished slavery. From this moment the American Union may be regarded as destroyed, in spite of the shameful message of the President—Buchanan. I regret this fact most deeply, but it is a fatal truth. Between the North and South stands the gibbet upon which was executed John Brown. Solidarity is no longer impossible. Such a heinous crime cannot be shared, it must be borne by one alone."

THE SANBORN KIDNAPPING CASE.—In the Superior Court for Middlesex County, Mass., Judge Morton presiding, the Grand Jury, a few days since, returned an indictment against James Carleton, George J. Cooledge, Wm. B. Tarleton and Watson Freeman, Jr., of Boston, for kidnapping Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, April 3d. There are four counts, charging—

First—That they inveigled and seized Sanborn, without any lawful warrant or authority, with intent to send him out of the Commonwealth.

Second—An assault.

Third—A forcible seizure with intent to confine him in the Commonwealth. And

Fourth—That they seized, confined and handcuffed him, with design of transporting him out of the Commonwealth.

The time for the trial is not yet assigned.

SLAVEHOLDING PIETY. The Richmond (Va.) *Central Presbyterian*, one of the organs of the Old School Church, and a foremost champion of the religion which sanctions the breeding of human beings, like pigs and calves, for the market, thus scoffs at the Church of the Puritans:

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The Church of the Puritans, of New York (Dr. Cheever's), has so altered its by-laws as to allow "female members of the Church to vote hereafter on equal terms with men." In the days of the Apostles there were those who were charged with *creeping into houses and leading captive silly women*, and it is worthy of record that the same kind of policy has been pursued for the last twenty years by the Anti-Slavery Society; and that the Church of the Puritans, to the great joy of its pastor, has now gained this "large accession of numerical and moral (!) favor [power] to aid in the support of a genuine anti-slavery pulpit." Surely the world moves.

The wit of *The Central Presbyterian* is exactly on a par with its morals. Defending from the Scriptures the practice of selling woman on the auction block, it is only natural that it should scoff at the idea of admitting her to the full rights of a human being in the Church.

CELEBRATION AT NORTH ELBA.—We shall doubtless receive, in season for publication next week, some account of the celebration of the Fourth over the grave of the martyred John Brown at North Elba. The survivors of the martyr's family were expected to be present. John Brown, Jr., the eldest son of Capt. John Brown, was appointed to read the Declaration of Independence, and Solomon, his youngest son, to read the Sermon on the Mount. The following persons were invited to be present and speak: Rev. Henry Highland Garnett, of New York; Thos. W. Higginson, of Worcester, Mass.; Miss Frances Ellen Watkins, of Philadelphia; Thaddeus Hyatt, late of Washington jail, D. C.; Richard J. Hinton, of Kansas; Frederick Douglass, of Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. George B. Cheever, of New York; Henry D. Thoreau, of Concord, Mass.; Judge W. M. F. Arny, of Kansas, and many others.

THE MONTHLY ANTI-SLAVERY CONFERENCE AND PRAYER MEETING will be held, on Monday evening next, in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans (Dr. Cheever's), at 7¾ o'clock. The meeting is open on equal terms to all earnest Abolitionists. It affords an opportunity for the friends of the slave in this city to become acquainted with one another, to compare views and consider plans of anti-slavery effort, and to stir up one another's pure minds to a remembrance of the facts and principles which should guide their action. For several successive months the meeting has been deeply interesting to all who were present, and we hope all our readers in the city will become regular attendants.

INDIGNATION IN KANSAS.—The people of Kansas are justly indignant at the refusal of the Senate to admit the Territory to the Union as a State. Leading Democrats join the Republicans in denouncing the injustice. Large indignation meetings were held in Leavenworth, Lawrence, and Topeka, and other points in the Territory will follow the lead. A movement is now on foot, and has many warm friends, to revive the old Topeka constitution, and *to organize under it an independent government.* This would bring the people in contact with the federal authorities.

TRIBUTES TO THEODORE PARKER.—The eastern papers inform us that "The Fraternity," an association representing the spirit and aims of THEODORE PARKER, has published, in a neat pamphlet of 60 pages, sundry tributes to his memory, comprising the exercises at the Music Hall, on Sunday, June 17, and the proceedings at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, at the Melodeon, May 31, and the resolutions of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July commences a new volume. The contents are, Meteorology; Treasure-Trove; a Legend of Maryland; Hunting a Pass; The "Cattle" to the "Poet"; More Words about Shelley; Clarian's Picture; Spring; Rufus Choate; The Regicide Colonels in New England; To the Cat-bird; The Professor's Story; On the Formation of Galleries of Art; Darwin on the Origin of Species; Vanity; Reviews and Literary Notices; Mitchell's Popular Astronomy; El Fureidis; Life and Times of General Sam. Dale, the Mississippi Partisan; The Money-King, and other Poems; Say and Seal; How could he Help it? or, the Heart Triumphant; The New Tariff Bill; Recent American Publications. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU...XXXIV.

JUNE 18, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: It appears by some paragraphs in American newspapers that reports have reached you of a conspiracy against the Emperor of Russia, on account of his scheme of serf-emancipation. Whether there is truth at the bottom of such rumors nobody can say; but that particular piece of news was sure to be spread, whether true or false. In a government truly described as "a despotism limited by assassination," the first thing anticipated, under any sign of change, and then conjectured, whispered, spread abroad and reported to foreign newspapers is, always—a plot to murder the Czar. The thing is sure to be said, true or false, and, therefore, we need not believe it at present. Again, there is no occasion to murder the Czar to get rid of his emancipation scheme. The apprehensions of the purblind conservatives who surround the Emperor are pretty well over. They believe that serfage will last their time; and as for what follows, it is their children's concern. We are learning, by degrees, how simple and ignorant we were in believing, three years ago, that serf-emancipation was provided for, and that the great deed was on the point of accomplishment. It is already avowedly postponed for nine years; and the official world of Russia is of opinion that it will be no more practicable at the end of nine years than nine days. Yet it is certain that the only possible rescue from the utter destruction of the Russian polity and social structure is by means of serf-emancipation.

If Prince Dolgoroukow's book, "Russia and the Russians," has reached your country, you will have seen something of

his scheme. In short, the real state of the case is this. Serf-emancipation might take place, to the inestimable advantage of all classes in the empire; but it must be done by a wise, honest and zealous administration, spread through the empire, and guided by laws of due authority. Each class must have rights and duties under a constitution whenever so vast a multitude are declared free men. The Emperor has made no such provision for carrying out his object. He has evidently had no conception of the extent of political change which must accompany emancipation; and the idea is unwelcome when presented. He is under the influence of a bureaucracy and a camarilla which clings to serfage as to their only chance for power and pelf. Meantime, the poverty of society is very severe; the Emperor could not go to war, happen what may; and a total overthrow of not only his government but the whole structure of society is absolutely inevitable, within no long time, if that serf-emancipation does not take place from which he is receding like a doomed man—as indeed Czars usually are.

For a fuller development of the case, it is only necessary to refer you to Prince Dolgoroukow's volume. There could not be higher authority. It is right that the whole truth should be known, not only to prevent vain expectations, but to preclude any attempt to discredit American abolitionism through failure in a case which is radically different in its conditions. You are not living under an autocracy, without law or available rights, and without any place or duty in society for the vast majority of your people. The simple process of paying wages to four millions of negroes, instead of maintaining them on the footing of cattle, bears no sort of comparison to the fundamental recreation of society which must precede and accompany the restoration (for they were not always enslaved) to liberty of the laboring class in Russia. You have the difficulty of prejudice of race to contend with, it is true, which is not an element of the Russian case; but it has repeatedly been proved entirely manageable; whereas the world has never witnessed such a change as Russian society must undergo (without the usual preparation) if emancipation is to be effected before the arrival of a fatal catastrophe. A servile war is full in view in all such cases, when emancipation has once been spoken of. Your slaveholders will be pronounced demented if they wait for that issue, when they might so easily and profitably avoid it. The Russian serf-owner would be wise to lend his best aid to the Emperor's purpose without delay, and a strong cooperation of proprietors would save the state; but if this is not done, the blame will attach to the vicious character and organization of the Russian polity, more than to any personage or any class in Russian society. Meantime, a proprietor here and there has liberated his serfs; but without power to give them citizenship, and only by a sufferance which would not last long in any provincial neighborhood. On the whole, the cause appears less advanced than it was two years and a half ago.

This topic has used up all my space, and I must defer my other news and comments till next month. H. M.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, June 26, 1860.

I PAID the forfeit, in my last, of slovenly penmanship. It was the *tone* and *temper*, not the "rhetoric," of Mr. Sumner's speech that I meant to say was "becoming and self-respectful." My erasure and interlineation at that point must have been done very carelessly.

Your leading article on the subject of this great speech, allow me to say, was in every way admirable. It was discriminating and just, as well as in the highest degree complimentary to the author.

Speaking of the probable effect of this speech, you say:

"Such a speech as this of Mr. Sumner's is just the thing to arouse such a feeling of horror at slavery and indignation at its insolencies to themselves-ward as to demand the relief of a ballot for the Republican ticket at least; of course we do not care a rush for the result, excepting just so far as it represents a genuine hatred of slavery. * * * Nor do we care as to the effect which the doctrine Mr. Sumner suggests, that the Constitution is whatever the dominant party choose to think it is, may have upon the minds of voters. *We do not hold to any such opinion.*"

Of course you don't, as a matter of fair interpretation; but as a matter of fact, you will hardly think of denying it.

The Constitution is, and has been for an indefinite number of years, in the hands of the dominant party, a mere nose of wax, susceptible of being twisted into any shape that the exigencies of the hour may have seemed to call for. It favors or frowns on the acquisition of territory, or a foreign war, just as the result promises to affect favorably or otherwise the ever-to-be-cherished institution. It approves the line of 36 deg. 30 min. as a cordon against freedom, but as a limit to the spread of slavery it is palpably opposed to it. It spurns the ultimate authority of the Supreme Court, when that body sets itself against the removal of the Cherokees to make way for slavery; but when the same tribunal undertakes, and that by an *obiter dictum*, to fix the status of all persons of African descent, and to settle finally the question of slavery in the Territories, then it demands submission to its decisions, as allowing no further appeal.

Every act of pro-slavery perfidy perpetrated in the last twenty years has been committed in the name and for the sake of the Constitution.

As a matter of original history and of fair interpretation, the Constitution is, as you say, an "entity"; but as a matter of later history, and of fact, it is what you say it is not, a "quiddity"; the question turning wholly upon the effect this or that interpretation may have upon the interests of slavery.

According to usage, and especially according to the usage of the slavery party, the Constitution is, as you say Mr. Sumner suggests, just what the party in power may choose to consider it. A very dangerous doctrine, I admit, and one that must prove fatal to any government that adopts it. But in this case I do not know that that result would be a misfortune. The sooner this iniquitous government comes to an end, the better. We want a new and a better one. Let the slaveholders, then, be "hoist with their own petard"; let the chalice from which they have obliged the North to quaff for so many years be commended to their own lips. It will be a righteous retribution, and will subserve the ends of public justice. If we can't dissolve the unholy union between freedom and slavery, destructively, let others do it, constructively. If the infamous compact made by our fathers and consented to by their sons can't be repealed by direct action, let it be done by indirection. If the North can't be relieved of the burden of slavery as against the Constitution, let them be delivered from it in the name of the Constitution. Abolitionists have a straight-forward and above-board sort of way of doing their work; but if the people have not honesty enough to accomplish these ends by such means, let them go to work in a manner to suit themselves.

And we may as well make a virtue of necessity, for we can't hinder them if we were so disposed. They will never adopt our method. They will not disfranchise themselves. They will not stand on what they may choose to call a punctilio.

The masses will never come into the method of the American Anti-Slavery Society. And it is no impeachment of either the wisdom or justice of that method to say so. Clarkson and his coadjutors demanded immediate and unconditional emancipation: they got gradual emancipation, conditioned on the payment of twenty millions pounds sterling. They asked what was right, and took the best they could get. The American Anti-Slavery Society ought to do and is doing the same thing.

You are right in the opinion you express—as in the reason you give for it—when you say that "the question" (of the proper interpretation of the Constitution) "will be settled long before men will be convinced that the framers did not mean what they have always been held to mean by the words they used; and the rather because the right of Northern anti-slavery interpretation is a concession of Southern pro-slavery interpretation in all its fanatical extravagance."

To this complexion must it come at last. "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word," is the thought and feeling of many a Northern man who will soon be summoned into the councils of the nation.

Lincoln and Hamlin, from all present auguries, are to be the Executives of the Government for the four years ensuing the term of Mr. Buchanan's administration. Nothing but some unheard-of blunder on their part, or unusual bad management on the part of their friends, can prevent their election. Even *The New York Herald* admits that "nothing but the intervention of some unforeseen accident can prevent the election of the Republican candidates." But, if elected, they will not put an anti-slavery interpretation on the Constitution. They are pledged to construe and administer that instrument as it was understood and administered by the fathers who made it. They are to give to slavery all that it is entitled to by the compact. And doubtless they will stand by their pledges. This will make their administration, of necessity, pro-slavery, and will put the party that supports them in a pro-slavery position. Then it will be that the real anti-slavery men of the party will show themselves. Mr. Lincoln and his associates in power will find the shoe to pinch in a new place. Their trouble will come, this time, from the North quite as much as from the South. A new party, with the elements of power in the *materiel* of its construction, will be evolved from the old one, the distinctive feature of which will be open hostility to slavery in the States, in the name of the Constitution.

Such at least seem to be the present indications of public affairs. They may, however, prove fallacious; however this may be, it must be admitted that the signs of the times point to a favorable solution of the great question of the age and the country. And no circumstance seems more auspicious than that of the dissolution of the great pro-slavery party, yclept—*lucus a non lucendo*—Democratic. "When rogues fall out, honest men get their dues." "If Satan be divided against himself, how can his kingdom stand?" There is great comfort in these reflections.

The Presidential ball is opened, and the contest has begun. It is to be a quadrilateral fight. Though an exciting one, I doubt if it will be as bitter, at least here at the North, as that of 1856. It will be at the South, between the rival factions of the Democracy, that the war will wax hottest. It will there be a "fight for a funeral" on both sides. The only thing for honest people to do in the matter will be to look on and pray that both may succeed. M.

MR. SUMNER'S SPEECH.

EXTRACT of a letter from FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

Was there not something grand in that masterly exposition of "The Barbarism of Slavery"? No softening down of *slave* States into *capital* States; no unholy and craven pledges, if the bondmen should attempt to break their chains, on which the rust of centuries has gathered, that he and Massachusetts stand ready to quench their aspirations by bayonets and blood; no singing in the guilty ears of the slave master that Carolina, with half, or more than half, of her children in chains, is more developed than Great Britain, whose air has so little affinity with our intense despotism that it melts every fetter and dissolves every chain; no brutal flings at the alleged inferiority of the negro; no insults to our feebleness. Again we may say, Thank God that he has spoken!

Thank God that thou hast spoken
Words earnest, true, and brave;
The lightning of thy lips has smote
The fetters of the slave.

I thought the shadows darkened
Round the pathway of the slave,
As one by one his faithful friends
Were dropping in the grave.

When other hands had faltered
And loosed their hold on life,
Thy words rang like a clarion
For Freedom's noble strife.

Thy words were not soft echoes,
Thy tones no syren song;
They fell as battle-axes
Upon our giant wrong.

God grant thy words of power
May fall as precious seeds,
That yet shall bud and blossom
In high and holy deeds.

THE HON. OWEN LOVEJOY AT HUDSON, N. Y.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The first *sensation* meeting of the present political campaign, held in this locality, assembled in the City Hall, at Hudson, on Monday evening last, to ratify the Republican nominations at Chicago. The chief speaker from abroad was the Hon. OWEN LOVEJOY, of Illinois, whose late able and earnest speech in Congress is, doubtless, still fresh in the minds of your readers. He was warmly greeted by a large audience, and spoke with much ability and eloquence for nearly two hours. During the speech he uttered many stirring and burning anti-slavery truths, such as seldom fall upon the ears of Republicans from the lips of those appointed to address them. However, as must needs be the case with the ablest effort, well intended, by a Republican, under the "accursed bond," with his interpretation thereof, the "bread" which Mr. Lovejoy gave to the people was as a flinty "stone" to the slave, rendered such by his unqualified promise of allegiance to slavery in the States, required, as he acknowledged, by the constitutional "bond." The one sole end and aim of the Republican party was, he avowed, to prevent the extension of slavery into the Territories now free. He labored to show that it was not necessary for either Democrats or Whigs of ten years ago to change from their then position to be Republicans now, that the Republicanism of to-day was synonymous with the doctrines of the Whig party and of the Democracy on the subject of slavery a decade ago. No advance thereupon, in favor of universal liberty, was claimed or spoken of as needful. If the "key-note" of the canvass is sounded thus by one of the "blackest of the Black Republicans," as he announced himself to be, as we descend to a lower strata, the major element of the party, what a heartless and cruel sacrifice of the dear and cherished rights of the prostrate slave will be made upon the altar of the blood-cemented Union! God speed the advent of Disunion. A. M. P.

GHENT, N. Y., June 30, 1860.

PERSONAL.

Charles Sumner will speak before the Young Men's Republican Union, in this city, on Monday evening next. He will have a crowded audience. In spite of the attempt of *The Tribune* to disparage the Massachusetts Senator, the masses of the Republican party look to him, and not to ambitious and self-seeking political leaders, for such counsel as the times demand.

Marguerite F. Foley, of Boston, has just finished a bust of Theodore Parker which is said to be an admirable likeness, with just the expression a friend would choose for immortality from the many aspects of the living face. Miss Foley had previously won a reputation unrivalled in this country as an artist in cameos. Copies of the bust will be for sale in a few days.

Rev. Samuel May, Jr., the faithful and untiring Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, having seriously impaired his health by his long-continued and valuable services in the cause, has been compelled to take a respite from his labors during the summer. We trust it will prove of great service to both body and mind. Mr. E. H. Heywood will act as General Agent *pro tem.*, to whom letters should be addressed until further notice.

Thaddeus Hyatt honored us with a call, a few days since, immediately on his return from Washington. He feels that his release by order of the Senate, without any concession on his part, was a virtual triumph of the principle for the maintenance of which he went to prison. He is now (Tuesday) gone to North Elba to aid in celebrating the Fourth at the grave of the immortal John Brown.

The Educator, published at Quakertown, Bucks Co., Pa., says:

"The lectures delivered in this place by Rev. Samuel Aaron, on the 24th and 25th of May, were of a superior character, and delivered in Mr. Aaron's usual happy style. All were pleased. Mr. A. is a noble example of an independent, practical Christian and philanthropist, combining mental endowments of a high order with the still better and nobler characteristic of moral purity and Christian benevolence. We believe he designs devoting as much of his leisure time as is practicable to lecturing, and in this capacity we can recommend him to all who have not yet heard him as an eloquent speaker and a good man."

The will of the late Theodore Parker was presented for probate in Boston last week. The instrument is dated May 25, 1857, and it names for executors John R. Manley and Frederick W. G. May of Boston, and Franklin B. Sanborn of Concord. By the will, he gives to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts "the two firearms formerly the property of my honored grandfather, Capt. John Parker, late of Lexington, to wit: the large musket, or king's arm, which was by him captured from the British on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, in the battle of Lexington, and which is the first firearm taken from the enemy in the War for Independence; and also the smaller musket which was used by him in that battle, while fighting in 'the sacred cause of God and his country;' and I desire that these relics of the Revolution may be placed in the Senate Chamber of this Commonwealth, and there kept *in perpetuam rei memoriam*." To his "much-valued friend, Wendell Phillips," he gives his "folio copy of the English State Trials, in eleven volumes, with many portraits interleaved." To his "much-valued friend, Charles Sumner," he gives his "copy of the Parliamentary History of England, in thirty-six volumes." To other friends he makes bequests of particular works from his library, as mementoes and of special significance, and then the remainder of his very extensive and valuable collection he gives to the City of Boston, "to be put into the Public Library of the city, for the use and benefit of such as have access thereto, and to be read on such terms as the Directors of the said Library shall think just; and I desire that, so far as consistent with public utility, the said books be kept in alcoves or on shelves by themselves; and I desire that the said books shall in no case be sold, or given away, or exchanged for other books." In case the city declines to accept them, then they are to be offered to the library of Harvard College; and Mrs. Parker's consent is necessary to any disposal of them in any event, and she may entirely change their direction if she choose. All the remainder of his property is left entirely to his wife.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow of Brooklyn, Rev. Samuel Johnson, of Lynn, Mass., and Miss Mattie Griffith, author of "The Autobiography of a Female Slave," were passengers in the steamship City of Washington, which left this port for Liverpool on Saturday last. The following tribute to Mr. Johnson we print with much satisfaction, merely observing that when we penned the remarks upon Mr. Longfellow, to which the writer refers, we were ignorant of the fact that Mr. J. was to be his *compagnon de voyage*.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

In your last number, in speaking of the departure of the Rev. S. Longfellow for Europe, and paying a fitting tribute to his valued services in the cause of freedom and humanity, you omit to make mention of his fellow-traveller, Rev. Samuel Johnson, of Lynn, than whom no one more deserves honorable notice at your hands, or a high place in the estimation of all lovers of freedom, since no one has offered in her service a more entire consecration of a richly-endowed nature. No higher scholarship, no rarer genius, no more profound spiritual insight, has interpreted to our generation the great truths of the "Absolute Religion." Mr. Johnson's Society in Lynn is in a prosperous state, and it is hoped that a new chapel will be ready for his return; but his influence is not limited by the bounds of his parish. Many earnest thinkers, scattered here and there, have long waited for his words, as for those of an appointed mediator between the promises of God in the heights above, and the prophecies written in the deep places of the soul. Since the great leader of New England thought has been taken up to a higher sphere of labor, we can less than ever spare from our midst any in whose absence the Sun of Righteousness seems to shine less fully on our land. May both these true helpers of their kind, who have just left us, be, ere long, restored, with renovated powers, to their chosen work.

The following remarks upon the late speech of Hon. Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, in the national House of Representatives, are from the Washington correspondence of *The New York Commercial Advertiser*:

"Charles Francis Adams made his maiden speech in the House yesterday afternoon, and was listened to with marked attention, as the grandson of President John Adams, the son of President John Quincy Adams, and the possessor of no small degree of personal as well as inherited reputation. Many remembered the death of his grandfather, in 1826, with the same words on his lips which, fifty years before, he had uttered on the floor of Congress: 'Independence forever.' Other gentlemen present had seen, in 1848, his father fall in the old Representatives Hall, and some of them had aided in carrying him into the Speaker's room, where he breathed his last, murmuring: 'This is the end of earth; I am content.'

"Mr. Adams, in personal appearance, bears a striking resemblance to his father. Like that 'old man eloquent,' he has been constant in his attendance, sitting with untiring patience through the delivery of the driest harangues, as if wrapped in his reveries. When he rose yesterday, for the first time, to address the House, the resemblance was yet more forcible. His bald head, his keen glances, the swaying of his body, the quick gesticulations, the earnestness of manner and of tone, his voice frequently breaking as he raised it above its wonted pitch—all recalled his venerated sire, of whom it was so justly said that he stood amid the tempest of Congressional debate, and, like an oak that knew its gnarled and knotted strength, stretched his arm forth and defied the blast.

"But there was nothing defiant in the attitude or language of the present member from the Quincy district. The father was a pioneer politician, taunted, jeered at, lashed into angry retort, and with but few to stand at his back; but the son is a member of a powerful party, soon (it is to be hoped) to rule this fair land. The son but repeated the sentiments uttered by the father a quarter of a century since, but where the father was called to order or checked, the son was listened to with marked attention and was not once interrupted. The father appeared in the House as a gladiator in the arena, fighting against fearful odds; the son expounded the Constitution as a statesman, before those who would pervert that noble Magna Charta."

OBITUARY.

From The World.

DEATH OF MADAME KOSSUTH ZULAVSKY.

THE Hungarian emigration in this country has lost one of its noblest members. Madame Emilia Kossuth Zulavsky, the sister of the late Governor of Hungary, expired at Brooklyn, after a protracted and painful illness, on the morning of the 29th ult., in the 43d year of her life—having been born in the County of Zemplén, Hungary, on the 12th of November, 1817.

By her rare accomplishments an ornament of her sex, by her devoted patriotism and love of liberty the worthy sister of Louis Kossuth, the tenderest of mothers, the most self-sacrificing friend of her fellow-exiles, she gained admiration in life, especially by the heroism with which she braved a series of persecutions by the enemies of her country, the privations and sufferings of seven years of exile, and cruel private misfortunes, and still more in her end, by an almost superhuman patience, which displayed the sublime resignation, the purest philosophy, and the consolations of a deep religious sentiment. Without hope of life or fear of death, she spent the last months of her existence at the residence of her friend, Mrs. R. H. Manning, Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, comforted by the most endearing efforts of devoted attachment on the part of the whole family, receiving the frequent visits of her affectionate sons, sister, and nieces, as well as numerous friends, and with the last breath of vanishing life often conversing on the interesting topics of the day. The latest events in Italy, the expedition of Garibaldi to Sicily, the recent manifestations of reviving political life in Hungary, were so many rays of hope for a better future in Europe which cheered the evening of her life. "I'll be buried in this country," she said; "in the lap of our common mother earth, but my spirit will be with my land." On another occasion, the writer of these lines heard her praying, with an almost expiring voice, to the Almighty for "patience for her nation, which was as needful to them as to her before the decisive moment." One of those nearest to her being about to join the hero of Italy, she not only gave him her blessing without faltering, but even wished him to depart before her death. Of this only a faint rumor will reach the land of her birth; and her countrymen will mourn in silence one of the noblest of Hungary's daughters, who, like her mother and older sister, died a homeless, but not a friendless, exile. Peace to her ashes! honor to her memory! M. H.

From The Tribune.

Madame Kossuth was yesterday (Sunday) afternoon buried from the chapel of the Second Unitarian Society of Brooklyn. The Rev. Samuel Longfellow, the late pastor, had sailed on Saturday for Europe. Drs. Farley, Osgood and Bellows, however, were present, and each bore a part in the funeral services. These were attended by a large congregation, made up in good part by Hungarians, and consisted of a voluntary on the organ by a Hungarian gentleman, selections from Scripture read by Dr. Bellows, a prayer by Dr. Osgood, and a highly appropriate and impressive address from Dr. Farley of the First Unitarian Church in Brooklyn.

The reverend Doctor alluded with much feeling to the many trials in exile of the deceased lady, and with equal delicacy to the kindness and hospitality of those American friends whose ministrations had smoothed her pillow in sickness and death. During the services the remains rested in front of the pulpit in the handsome mahogany coffin, which was strewn with beautiful flowers. On the wrist of the deceased, in accordance with her own dying request, was a bracelet always worn by her until her last sickness, made from the iron chain with which her brother had been bound in an Austrian prison.

At the close of the services, the coffin was borne out, preceded by the officiating clergymen, and a body of the Hungarian friends of the deceased, Col. Asboth at their head, and followed by her four sons, her only surviving sister, and her nieces. The remains were taken to Greenwood and interred in the Unitarian ground there, Col. Asboth making an address in Hungarian at the grave, as moving to those who understood it as it was eloquent to the ears of those who heard it only. As a closing rite, some earth from her native Hungary was thrown by her children on the coffin of the deceased, dust being thus rendered to dust in a way corresponding with her own expressed desire during her last illness. The earth had come attached to some of the grape-vines of Hungary, sent to the friends among whom her last days were spent.

PENNSYLVANIA FAIR AND NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

The Managers of the Pennsylvania Fair and National Bazaar to their Coadjutors in Great Britain and Ireland:

DEAR FRIENDS: We write but to "stir up your minds by way of remembrance," not to address to you argument or entreaty relative to the importance and arduousness of our work, or our need of your cooperation. On these points you are well informed, and need no word of ours. Standing, as you do, outside the charmed circle with which the Slave Power has surrounded the commercial and political classes of our country, you can, more easily than they, exercise a clear vision and a righteous judgment respecting the character of our national sin and curse, and the remedies which are proposed for it. Your generous contributions to our Anti-Slavery Bazaars have proved the heartiness of your cooperation in our enterprise.

Our next Fair will be held in December, 1860, in the city of Philadelphia. It is desirable that the boxes containing contributions of our European friends should be forwarded as early as the middle of October. We especially request those who have these boxes in charge to direct them to Mr. Rowland Johnson, New York. By compliance with this request they will save both labor and expense to the friends of the cause here. In answer to inquiries relative to the kinds of goods best suited to our market, it may be suggested that ready-made clothing is less salable than other articles usually contributed to our Fairs. The demand for articles of use and those of ornament is nearly equal.

For all gifts which come to us fraught with a blessing on the American slave, we are grateful—for his sake, as his representatives; for our own, because they are cordial messages to us of God-speed in our labors.

On behalf of the Managers, SARAH PUGH,
SARAH A. MCKIM,
PHILADELPHIA, June, 1860. MARY GREW.

BOSTON ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE.—The office of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society has been removed from its old quarters in Cornhill to a new and commodious room at No. 221 Washington street, directly opposite the head of Franklin street. The printing-office of *The Liberator* is also removed to a room in the same building.

All communications for the Boston Anti-Slavery office, or for *The Liberator*, should therefore be addressed hereafter to No. 221 *Washington street*, Boston.

Summary.

CELEBRATION AT GENEVA.—Our friend, J. W. Duffin, writes us that the people of Western New York will celebrate, on an extensive scale, the first of August, at Geneva. They extend an invitation to the various colored military companies in this city to visit them on that occasion, promising them a cordial reception.—*Anglo-African.*

ILLNESS IN THE FAMILY OF MR. LINCOLN.—We regret to hear that Mr. Lincoln's youngest child, a remarkably bright boy of six years of age, is lying ill, at the point of death, with scarlet fever. Mr. Lincoln has not been seen outside of his house, nor in it, except at the bedside of his child, since Friday last.—*Chicago Press.*

In seven years the increase in the export of cotton from Western Africa into the ports of Great Britain has been one thousand per cent. From 1852 to 1858, the shipments of raw cotton from Abeokuta alone rose from 1,810 pounds to one million pounds, and the returns for 1859 from the West coast amounted to nearly two millions of pounds. This signal development has been stimulated almost solely by the supply of cotton gins and seed, and by the purchase, at a fair market price, of all the cotton which the natives brought for sale.

DOUGLAS'S SOUTHERN VOTE.—The Southern vote which Mr. Douglas received at Baltimore is nearly the same as at Charleston, viz.:

Maryland	2½	Arkansas	1
Virginia	1½	Missouri	4½
North Carolina	1	Tennessee	3
Alabama	9		28½
Louisiana	6		

Of these, Alabama and Louisiana, counting fifteen, were represented by bogus delegates. The regular delegates were excluded, because it was believed they would withdraw again and break up the Convention.

THE EFFECTS OF DRINK.—John D. Defrees, writing to *The Indianapolis Journal*, says:

"Twenty years ago I was a looker-on at the doings of Congress. The two men who attracted the most attention were William Cost Johnson of Maryland, and Thomas F. Marshall of Kentucky. They were the most brilliant orators—the 'observed of all observers.' Mr. Johnson died in Maryland a few days ago, a pauper and an outcast, unnoticed and unlamented. The papers, a few days ago, informed us that Marshall is an inmate of a hospital at Buffalo, diseased and miserable, and about to die. Intemperance, of course, is the cause of all this."

THE SLAVE AND HIS ENEMY.—A slave in one of the West India Islands was noticed by his master, very carefully watching over a poor old broken-down negro, who had been purchased with a lot some days before. He shared his bed with him; fed him at his own table; carried him into the sunshine when cold, and into the shade when hot. His tenderness led his master to suppose the old man was some relative, and he inquired if he were his father.

"No, massa," was the answer.

"Perhaps your uncle, or some other relation?"

"No, massa, no relation, not even friend."

"Why, then, do you treat him so kindly?"

"He my *enemy*, massa," replied the slave. "He sold me to the slave-dealer. My Bible tells me, when my enemy hunger, feed him; when he thirst, give him drink."

A late number of *The Star Gazette* (Texas) announces the death of the Rev. Theodore Parker to its readers in the following way: "Theodore Parker has gone glimmering to his satanic majesty." The same paper notices no less than ten cold-blooded murders committed in the town of Austin and vicinity. In the first case the Sheriff allows the murderer to make his escape; in the second case, the City Marshal commits murder, and is left at liberty; and in the last case the editor, without showing the least sympathy, simply states that he did not know the party mortally wounded, but had some time since made the acquaintance of the murderer, and pronounces him a "gentleman" of high-toned feeling, who had conducted a newspaper with courtesy and ability.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—Washington, Fayette Co., O., June 27.—Quite an excitement was created at Washington, Fayette County, on the 27th ult., caused by the kidnapping of a negro man, named John Marshall, by three gentlemen who arrived by the midnight train from Cincinnati. They registered their names at the hotel as J. G. Andrews, James Francis, and George Hope. They took the negro about six o'clock this morning, and started, it is supposed, for Cincinnati, without taking him before the authorities here.

Deputy-Sheriff Johnson and Constable Blackman are in hot pursuit. Nothing has been heard from them up to this hour (4 p. m).

Marshall has lived in Washington for the last five years, and was supposed to be a free man. He was born a slave, but emancipated when a boy, and removed to Brown County, Ohio, where he had resided until coming here. He is about twenty-eight years old.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH SOUTH.—A straggling fellow, passing himself off as a white man, but believed to be a free negro, was soundly whipped at Kingsville, yesterday, between two and three o'clock, in the afternoon, by Mr. B. Franklin Cole, from the firm of Strous, Hartman, Hofflin & Co., of Baltimore.

Mr. Cole overheard Hare say that Maryland was an Abolition State, in a boastful way. He immediately gave it the lie, and made toward him. Some words ensued, during which the true-hearted (!) Baltimorean manfully stood his ground, and the straggler gave abundant evidence of his being an Abolitionist of the most low and dirty character. Soon it was suspicioned that he was but an impudent free negro, from some Northern locality. This he acknowledged, upon being pushed up a little. Mr. Cole then took him aside, into an apartment of the Kingsville Hotel, made him peel off, and gave him the limit of the law, well-filled, pressed down and shaken together, upon his bare back.—*Sumter (S. C.) Watchman, May 7th.*

A SLANDERED MAN.—Mr. Joseph Newman has been slandered—"shamefully slandered," he says. He therefore summons to his assistance a friend, and thus tries to set himself right with an enraged public. The following is from a Nashville paper:

"PERSONAL.—A CARD.—I have been shown an article in *The Home Journal*, published in Winchester, Tenn., derogatory to me personally. I deny ever having even seen a Helper book. I am a South Carolinian; I live two miles from the city of Columbia, where I have a plantation. I also manufacture piano-fortes in the city of Baltimore. I am a thorough-going pro-slavery man. I am shamefully slandered by the article in question. JOSEPH NEWMAN.

"I have known Mr. Newman for more than twenty years, and firmly believe the above statement. I have conversed with him many times in his own house and in mine on all kinds of subjects, and I have never heard him advance an opinion inconsistent with the Southern position which he now assumes. It affords me pleasure to give this testimony in behalf of an injured man. THOS. O. SUMMERS.

"Nashville, Tenn., June 23, 1860."

RETORT COURTEOUS.—As our townsman, Mr. Frederick Douglass, a day or two since, was passing one of the drinking saloons where our "fast" and would-be fashionable youngmen "most do congregate," he was greeted by one of them number, in a tone of affected politeness, with the remark, "Halloa, Fred! come in and take a drink!"

Mr. Douglass, with his characteristic suavity of address, begged the gent to excuse him, "as he was a strict temperance man—in fact, he had been for many years a tectotaller."

But the "prodigal" was not disposed to let him off without mortification or insult, and, with affected surprise and disappointment, he replied, "Why, I have just had a drink with 'Nigger Pete.'"

"That is all very proper," answered Mr. Douglass. 'Pete' and yourself are on a level of *equality*. I cannot accept your invitation."

Just at this instant the flashy vest pattern seemed to be reminded of a pressing errand up town, and very abruptly walked off, wearing a solemn expression. Fred. resumed his accustomed quiet smile, and his gigantic but unpretending stride.

The force of the retort will be apprehended when it is explained that Mr. Douglass and "Pete" occupy extreme and antipode positions in the spheres of social intercourse and intellectuality.—*Rochester Express.*

A FEMALE HOGARTH.—Women have an unquestioned right to be caricaturists and satirists, but it is one of which they have rarely availed themselves. A female Hogarth, or a female Cruikshank, is an anomaly in art of which the world has never heard until within a few weeks past. A feminine Hogarth, named Miss Florence Claxton, has exhibited a picture at the Portland Gallery in London, in which the whimsical eccentricities of the pre-Raphaelite brethren are satirized with a good deal of humor and masculine vigor. The picture is crowded with figures, which remind one of Hogarth's "lessons in perspective." The subject is a burlesque of the style of Millais, representing the "Judgment of Paris," Paris being represented by the great pre-Raphaelite himself, who presents the apple to a hideous-looking female, while one of Raphael's Madonnas and a modern English country girl stand for the two disappointed goddesses. On the walls of the room are hung three portraits by Raphael, Reynolds, and Vandyke, with their faces turned to the wall, while below are portraits of Millais, Ruskin, and—Barnum! A knight in armor, lying on his back, is sounding their names through his trumpet; three long-haired students, supposed to be P. R. B.'s, are on their knees worshiping the three great representative humbugs. Mr. Barnum may feel himself more highly honored in being made one in such a triumvirate than he ever was before. An engraving in the *London Illustrated News* affords a very good idea of the character of this picture, which is better entitled to consideration as being the work of a woman than for the justice of its satire.—*Tribune.*

The Charleston Mercury has seen a portrait of Mr. Lincoln, "and a horrid-looking wretch he is!—sooty and scoundrelly in aspect—a cross between the nutmeg-dealer, the horse-swapper, and the nightmare—a creature fit, evidently, for petty treason, small stratagems, and all sorts of spoils." He is a lank-sided Yankee of the uncomeliest visage, and one of the dirtiest complexion, and the most indecent comparisons. Faugh! after him, what decent white man would be President!"

JOHN TYLER has been heard from. He thinks the election either of Bell, Lincoln, or Douglas would be fatal to the Union, and he says, in that day

"Live or die, survive or perish, I will stand over the graves of my ancestry, by the hearthstones of my relatives and by the side of my friends—*all, all here in James City, Charles City, and New Kent*—and defend the one and the other against all enemies whatever, whether they appear as compromisers of my rights under the Constitution and in the Union, or as Republican Abolitionists, *whether they consist of Northern oppressors or of Southern tyrants.* In six months we shall know whether the ominous junction of twenty-five millions of non-slaveholders, North and South, has been formed, tearing the Constitution into shreds, in order that they may obliterate with brute force the rights and interests secured by that great charter of liberty and freedom to the two millions of slaveholders in the Southern States. In six months we shall know whether a war will not have to be raised in the South, similar to that of the Revolution, between the patriots and the tories. It that brief time we shall know whether it will not be necessary, as it was then, to purge the political atmosphere of the South through a baptism of blood. The '*constitutional Unionists*' of this day may find themselves in the predicament of the '*British Unionists*' of that day. My 'funeral' may then come; but if perish I must, let me fall under the folds of the patriot flag. *If this be treason, make the most of it.*"

COMPLIMENTARY.—While we were presiding at the late annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society at New York, the following complimentary note was forwarded to us by an unknown hand:

"This note from a Patriotic National Citizen, To the infamous President of the Anti-Slavery Society,—You ask for Contributions—I hereby give you mine.—From the day you desecrated the Sacred edifice at Boston (Faneuil Hall,—) with your infernal harrangues, & for which *you* and your confederate were deservedly driven from it & not again, allowed to occupy it, I have known you, and closely watched your nefarious career, and have not yet learned that with all your *pretended Love* for the Negro, you have ever delivered any of them from their Slavery bondage, and instead of ever placing yourself in peril for their sakes, you have instigated others to acts which caused ruin & bitter sufferings to be their reward,—Infamous Wretch, you court the wrath of the American People, and the time is not far distant when you will receive it in full measure,—your only solicitude is to bleed the purses of your Victims,—W.—"

We publish this note *verbatim*, trusting the writer of it feels greatly relieved, by this time, by the discharge of so much bile.—*Liberator.*

THE GREAT ELM ON BOSTON COMMON.—This noble old tree, the fame of which extends the country over, is a wreck. Its age and the weight of its branches have made iron clamps and bands necessary to keep it together for several years past. But even with the aid of these it could not withstand the fury of the storm of the 29th ult., which was quite destructive to the beauties of Boston Common. *The Atlas and Bee* says of it:

"On the Common a large number of trees were injured, and the walks badly washed by the heavy rain. But the chief and saddest loss is the destruction of the grand old elm—which for many years has been the prominent feature of our beautiful common. Many of our readers, now gray with age, will, as they read this paragraph, recall the pleasant associations of childhood's happy hours beneath the shade of that noble old tree. What a chapter of events it might recall if gifted with speech. But its greatness is departed, its beauty destroyed. It was a sad spectacle, last evening, to the thousands who lingered around the ruins, gathering twigs or whatever mementoes they could collect. In the pale moonlight, that portion which was spared looked like a huge giant shorn of half its massive proportions. The northerly section of the tree broke from its main trunk, near the ground, snapping in its fall the thick iron braces which were placed around the entire tree. A person who was near by describes the crash, as the great limb fell over, as being terrific. Some portion of the limb must be from ten to fourteen inches in diameter—the largest half of the trunk is still standing. This will probably be kept alive if the trunk is not too much injured."

MODERN DEMOCRACY.—*The Baltimore Patriot* gives the following picture of the late Democratic party as it appeared in its last days:

"The scenes that have been enacted in our midst since Monday last—the daily scuffles and nightly broils—the quarrels, dissensions and fights—the drunkenness, gambling, profanity, and other disreputable conduct, which has been visible for the past week—must, we think, lead all men to rejoice that the end is near. The peace of the city has been disturbed only by those non-residents who were sent here to produce harmony and peace. Men occupying high position, members of Congress, have been arrested for open breaches of the peace and public decorum. Street fights have occurred almost every day. Pistols have been exhibited, dirk knives used, and in and around the gambling rooms excited knots of men—"clubs"—have gathered in angry discussion, which has generally led to a knock-down and drag-out by the police. Citizens throughout the country do not see, but the citizens of Baltimore have seen to their hearts' content, or perhaps it would be better to say, to the stomach's disgust, the kind of men who, through the machinery of Conventions, have ruled the fortunes of this Republic. It may be supposed, and on very good grounds, that we contemplate the near prospect of the dissolution and dispersion of such a Convention and such a party with feelings of pleasure. We really think that no greater good fortune could befall the country than the final disruption and scattering of the Democratic conspiracy. And we are not alone in this. We can quote the testimony of "good" Democrats in this behalf—in behalf of the facts upon which we think this disruption would be a benefit, if not to show that the Convention's and the party's dispersion and flight would be an advantage to the country."

A PATRIARCH'S MISFORTUNE.—Judge James Thomas of Georgia has met with misfortune, as the following advertisement from *The Atlanta Intelligencer* will show:

"$200 REWARD.—Ran away from me on the 19th inst., at night, my negro man, BEN, about 24 years of age, about 5 feet 11 inches high, spare made, of yellow complexion and bright; has but one-fourth negro blood in him. He has a very long head of hair, off bushy head; hair very black, not kinky, but very curly; thin visage. He would weigh, I suppose, not to exceed 130 pounds; he speaks slow; rather inclined to look down when spoken to, but exceedingly intelligent, and a first-rate mechanic; equal, and, I think, surpasses any man in the State, white or black. His character heretofore has been spotless. I raised him as my body servant. He has travelled all over the State of Georgia with me, to all the principal cities, and through many of the adjoining States. He wore off a new pair of cotton pants, a bleached homespun shirt, a white striped yarn coat, striped with cotton and yarn, called a sack coat. He

Miscellaneous Department.

THE QUAKER ALUMNI.*

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From the well-springs of Hudson, the sea-cliffs of Maine,
Grave men, sober matrons, you gather again:
And, with hearts warmer grown as your heads grow more cool,
Play over the old game of going to school.

All your strifes and vexations, your whims and complaints
(You are not saints yourselves, if the children of saints!),
All your petty self-seekings and rivalries done,
Round the dear Alma Mater your hearts beat as one!

How widely soe'er you have strayed from the fold,
Though your "thee" has grown "you" and your drab blue and gold,
To the old friendly speech and the garb's sober form,
Like the heart of Argyle to the tartan, you warm.

But the first greeting over, you glance round the hall,
Your hearts call the roll, but they answer not all:
Through the turf-green above them the dead cannot hear;
Name by name in the silence falls sad as a tear!

In love, let us trust, they were summoned so soon
From the morning of life, while we toil through its noon;
They were frail like ourselves, they had needs like our own,
And they rest, as we rest, in God's mercy alone.

Unchanged by our changes of spirit and frame,
Past, now, and henceforward the Lord is the same:
Though we sink in the darkness, His arms break our fall,
And in death, as in life, He is Father of all!

We are older: our footsteps, so light in the play
Of the far away school-time, move slower to-day:
Here a beard touched with frost, there a bald, shining crown,
And beneath the cap's border gray mingles with brown.

But faith should be cheerful, and trust should be glad,
And our follies and sins, not our years, make us sad.
Should the heart closer shut as the bonnet grows prim,
And the face grow in length as the hat grows in brim?

Life is brief, duty grave: but with rain-folded wings
Of yesterday's sunshine, the grateful heart sings;
And we on all people have reason to pay
The tribunal of thanks, and rejoice on our way.

For the counsels that turned from the follies of youth;
For the beauty of patience, the witness of truth;
For the wounds of rebuke, when love tempered its edge;
For the household's restraint and discipline's hedge:

For the lessons of kindness vouchsafed to the least
Of the creatures of God, whether human or beast,
Bringing hope to the poor, lending strength to the frail,
In the lanes of the city, the slave-hut and jail;

For a womanhood higher and holier, by all
Her knowledge of good, than was Eve ere her fall—
Whose task-work of duty moves lightly as play,
Serene as the moonlight, and warm as the day.

And, yet more, for the faith which embraces the whole
Of the creeds of the ages, the life and the soul,
Wherein letter and spirit the same channel run,
And man has not severed what God has made one!

For a sense of the goodness revealed everywhere,
As sunshine impartial, and free as the air;
For a trust in humanity, Heathen or Jew,
And a hope for all darkness the light shineth through.

Who scoffs at our birthright? the words of the seers,
And the songs of the bards in the twilight of years,
And the fore-gleams of wisdom in santon and sage,
In prophet and priest, are our true heritage.

The word which the reason of Plato discerned;
The truth as whose symbol the Mithra-fire burned,
The soul of the world which the Stoic but guessed,
In the light universal, the Quaker confessed!

No honors of war to our worthies belong;
Their plain stem of life never flower'd into song;
But the fountains they opened still gush by the way,
And the world for their healing is better to-day.

He who lies where the minster's groin'd arches curve down
To the tomb-crowded transept of England's renown,
The glorious essayist, by genius enthron'd,
Whose pen as a sceptre the muses all own'd—

Who through the world's pantheon walk'd in his pride,
Setting new statues up, thrusting old ones aside,
And in fiction the pencils of history dipped,
To gild o'er or blacken each saint in his crypt—

How vainly he labor'd to sully with blame
The white bust of Penn, in the niche of his fame!
Self-will is self-wounding, perversity blind;
On himself fell the stain for the Quaker design'd!

For the sake of his true-hearted father before him;
For the sake of the dear Quaker mother that bore him;
For the sake of his gifts, and the works that outlive him,
And his brave words for freedom, we freely forgive him!

There are those who take note that our numbers are small:
New Gibbons who write our decline and our fall;
Ha, the Lord of the seed-field takes care of His own,
And the world shall yet reap what our sowers have sown.

The last of the sect to his fathers may go,
Leaving only his coat for some Barnum to show;
But the truth will outlive him, and broaden with years,
Till the false dies away, and the wrong disappears.

Nothing falls of its end. Out of sight sinks the stone,
In the deep sea of time; but the circles sweep on
Till the low-rippled murmurs along the shores run,
And the dark and dead waters leap glad in the sun.

Meanwhile shall we learn, in our care to forget
To the martyrs of Truth and of Freedom our debt?
Hide the words out of sight, like the garb that they wore,
And for Barclay's Apology offer one more?

Shall we fawn round the priestcraft that glutted the shears,
And festoon'd the stocks with our grandfather's ears?
Talk of Woolman's uncouthness? count Penn heterodox?
And take Cotton Mather in place of George Fox?

Make our preachers war-chaplains? quote Scripture to take
The limited slave back, for Onesimus' sake?
Go to burning church-candles and chanting in choir,
And on the old meeting-house stick up a spire?

No! the old paths we'll keep until better are shown,
Credit good where we find it, abroad or our own;
And while "lo here" and "lo there" the multitude call,
Be true to ourselves and do justice to all!

The good round about us we need not refuse,
Nor talk of our Zion as if we were Jews:
But why shirk the badge which our fathers have worn,
Or beg the world's pardon for having been born?

We need not pray over the Pharisee's prayer,
Nor claim that our wisdom is Benjamin's share.
Truth to us and to others is equal and one;
Shall we bottle the free air, or hoard up the sun!

Well know we our birthright may serve but to show
How the meanest of weeds in the richest soil grow;
But we need not disparage the good which we hold;
Though the vessels be earthen, the treasure is gold.

Enough and too much of the sect and the name.
What matters our label, so truth be our aim?
The creed may be wrong, but the life may be true,
And hearts beat the same under drab coats or blue.

So the man be a man, let him worship at will,
In Jerusalem's courts or in Gerizim's hill.
When she makes up her jewels what cares you good town
For the Baptist of Wayland, the Quaker of Brown?

And this green, fair-voiced island, so fresh and sea-blown,
When she counts up the worthies her annals have known,
Never waits for the pitiful gaugers of sect
To measure her love, and mete out her respect.

Three shades at this moment seem walking her strand,
Each with head halo-crowned, and with palms in his hand:
Wise Berkely, grave Hopkins, and smiling serene
On prelate and puritan, Channing is seen.

One holy name bearing, no longer they need
Credentials of party, and pass-words of creed:
The new song they sing hath a threefold accord,
And they own one baptism, one faith, and one Lord!

But the golden sands lessen! Occasions like these
Glide swift into shadow, like sails on the seas;
While we sport with the moss-es and pebbles ashore,
They lessen and fade, and we see them no more.

Forgive me, my friends, if my vagrant thoughts seem
Like a schoolboy's, who idles and plays with his theme;
Forgive the light measure, whose changes display
The sunshine and rain of our brief April day.

There are moments in life when the lip and the eye
Try the question of whether to smile or to cry;
And scenes and reunions that prompt like our own,
The tender in feeling, the playful in tone.

I, who never sat down with the boys and the girls,
With your Austins and Slocumbs, your Cartlands and Earls,
By courtesy only, permitted to lay
On your festival's altar my poor gift to-day—

I would joy in your joy: let me have a friend's part,
In the warmth of your welcome of hand and of heart:
On your playground of boyhood unbend the brow's care,
And shift the old burdens our shoulders must bear.

Long live the good school! giving out year by year
Recruits to true manhood, and womanhood dear;
Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty sent forth,
The living epistles and proof of its worth!

In and out let the young life as steadily flow
As in the broad Narragansett the tides come and go;
And its sons and its daughters in prairie and town
Remember its honor, and guard its renown.

Not vainly the gift of its founder was made:
Not prayerless the stones of its corner were laid;
The blessing of Him whom in secret they sought
Has owned the good work which the fathers have wrought.

To Him be the glory forever!—we bear
To the Lord of the Harvest our wheat with the tare,
What we lack in our work may He find in our will,
And with us in mercy our good from the ill!

*Read before the Friends' Boarding School Alumni, at Newport, R. I., June 11 1860.

A WORD OF CHEER.

Never say that good is waning,
Virtue falling from the van;
Nor in saddened strains complaining,
Preach the thanklessness of man.

If some profitless self-seeker
Win much praise and public gold,
Not for this thy work be weaker,
Not for this thy courage cold.

Whoso in life's task hath taken
Glory for a worthy goal,
Hath for a light dream forsaken
True magnificence of soul.

Think it then not shame nor pity
That no crowds applaud thy name;
Strive on—save the leaguered city,
Though another reap the fame.

If thy prowess hath not found thee
Meed of honor in the state,
Think of many a martyr round thee
Daily doing something great.

So thy people reap the harvest,
Little recks who cast the seed;
Guerdon high as thou deservest,
Dwells in thy own holy deed.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.* P. S. WORSLEY.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MAUD CLINTON,
THE PLANTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

[Concluded from last week.]

The father, the "old massa," was in his grave, and the new master and mistress returned to their home; but it was to hear of fresh trouble. For many days before the party Ben had been, for him, exceedingly low spirited. Maud had done her best to discover his cause of trouble, but all in vain. Now it came out; he had been gambling, had lost heavily, and was head over ears in debt.

"It would take the sale of half the slaves on the plantation to clear me. What in —— am I to do?"

This question was put to General Star, who, since Col. Clinton's death, had set himself up as chief adviser of the brother and sister.

"As there was no will, the property all comes to you. I think you can manage to free yourself without depopulating your plantation," returned Star.

"You forget my sister; she shares with me in the property," said Ben.

"No, I *remember* your sister," said Star, with a peculiar tone and manner; "for I believe that she alone can deliver you from all your troubles."

"*How*, pray?" asked Ben, astonished.

Star was carefully looking over a package of notes and papers, and for a moment he did not reply. At last he said, handing to Ben a time-worn letter,

"Will you please to read this, Mr. Clinton."

Ben took the sheet and read it attentively; he read it the second time.

"What does it all mean?" he asked, in rather a bewildered way. "Who is Diana? and who is 'the beautiful slave daughter' that 'shall never know that she is not a lawful child by a lawful wife?'"

"Can you not guess?" asked Star, significantly.

"No; by —— I cannot," growled Ben; but he was turning very red in the face.

"May I tell you, then?" inquired Star, a little doubtfully; for he was rather uncertain as to how the reckless young man might take his information.

"Yes, you may; but you had better be careful *what* you tell."

"Then I will remain silent."

After a time Ben's curiosity got the better of his apprehensions, and he insisted on learning all there was to be known. This was, that his father, before marriage with his mother, had been connected with a beautiful Quarteroon, purchased of General Star at a high price for the very relation in which she afterwards stood to him until just before her death. Maud was the child of this beautiful slave, and her father had always intended to free her in his will; but, like many another foolish man, he had a feeling that making a will brought death very near, and he had very good and sufficient reasons for keeping afar from death. Thus he postponed making his will—so vitally necessary to Maud's welfare—and fatally postponed it.

Ben's mother had been an heiress. Her family and Mr. Clinton's all urged the match, and it was finally consummated; though not even all the property that came with the lady could quite reconcile her husband to his new connection. His heart and its affections were set upon his mistress and her child, and he was for a long while determined never to give them up. But through his ambition to bring up Maud as a legitimate daughter, and to keep her in utter ignorance that she was not such, his wife gained power enough over him to induce him at last to sell Diana, the mother. Mrs. Clinton promised, if he would do this, that she would cheerfully adopt Maud, and assist him, in good faith, to conceal from her her real birth.

Thus it came to pass that Diana, in spite of her agony of soul at being parted from the only two beings that she loved, was sold. Col. Clinton was absent when the trader came to take the unhappy girl away. He had taken an affectionate farewell of his unsuspecting victim, and gone on business which would detain him from home until all the trying scene was ended. When General Star learned that Diana was to be sold, he made haste to the spot and secured her again for himself; for he understood the nature of Clinton, and was satisfied that he would regret parting with her, and be willing to pay any price to regain her. On the return of Clinton to his home he missed, more than he chose to acknowledge, more than he knew how to bear, the mother of his child. The little one kept moaning, "Mama! mama! Where is she, papa? Have you seen my dear mama?" until the man, tenderhearted and deeply affectionate by nature, was almost wild. He was ready to curse his wife for what she had done; ready to sacrifice her and half his property to recover what he had lost. While in this mood, a letter from Star reached him, stating that Diana was with the writer, but was dangerously, perhaps fatally ill. With all speed Clinton hastened to see her whom from first to last he had so wronged. He reached her only in time to catch her last look of reproach and anguish: she died in five minutes after his arrival. Star told him, as was the truth, that over-excitement and intense grief had killed her.

Upon the return of Colonel Clinton to his home, he found himself the father of a fine boy, and a widower. The boy was well cared for, but for his mother's sake Clinton could never heartily enjoy his presence. He looked too much like the woman who had deprived him of his love. He did not like him in his sight. But upon Maud he lavished all his affection—did for her everything *but* "the one thing needful;" and the end was that she was now her brother's slave—a slave worth thousands of dollars, if sold on the block.

Slowly, slowly the abhorrent truth penetrated the mind of Ben: then the truth became less abhorrent; then he broke into a rain of sweat as the clear meaning flashed upon him of Star's words, "Your sister *alone* can deliver you from all your trouble. He saw now *how* she could do it, or, rather, how *he* could do it by means of her. By the price of his sister's freedom he could set himself free. Of course he spurned the thought *at first*. Who does not, at the outset, spurn the thought of a dastardly deed? "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" said Hazael to the Prophet: and so are men saying yet of things which they soon consent to do.

The result of Ben's consideration was that he gave into the hands of Star the power to use "the best means that he could decide on" to pay up his "debts of honor," and he then set off post haste for the city. It was a great trial to Maud to discover that Star was left by Ben as *charge d'affaires* in his absence; but what was her terror and distress when he, on the day following Tom's departure, forced himself into her private apartment, and, in a familiar and most insulting way, told her that *she also*, as well as the house and plantation, was committed to his keeping. He locked the door, and, sitting down near her, tried to draw her to his knee. But she ordered him to desist, in a tone so loud and angry that he, fearing she would be heard by the slaves, contented himself with looking in a leering, villainous manner into her face.

"You think, vile man! that because my father is dead, and my brother was foolish enough to leave you in charge here, that you may with impunity outrage and insult me. But you shall be taught that a woman can take vengeance. The law shall make you smart for having dared to lay your unclean hand upon me. How *dare* you, villain? Surely you are not idiot enough to think that you will not be made to suffer according to law for all that you unlawfully do to annoy and distress me. Begone, instantly, from this room. You are a felon, or you would not thus have entered here. Depart!"

"How she flames! How well it becomes her! But, my dear, did you know that no slave can witness against a white? What good, then, is the law going to do you?"

"I will be a witness against you myself; what need is there for any other?"

"You are a slave yourself, my beauty; and that is what I came to tell you."

"Liar! villain! What means he? Oh, why *did* Ben leave me here alone with such a wretch!" She darted towards the windows. Star sprang forward and caught her in his arms. She tried to scream, but he laid his hand heavily upon her mouth.

"Silence, or I will gag you!" he said. His terrible look and tone told poor Maud that he meant what he said. She was like a willow wand in his grasp. He sat down with her in his arms.

"Be quiet, and I'll tell you the whole case." She was quiet from inability to help herself; she was almost insensible. But he managed to make her understand her true situation, and the conviction that she *was* indeed a slave came like a thunderbolt upon her. "It was instinct that taught me so to hate the dreadful system," she thought, "and now I am its victim. Oh! father, father," she groaned, "you did me a grievous wrong. But I will never be a slave—I will not live—do not think it. If Ben is so wicked as to sell me, as you say he will—"

"He has left *me* to do that, Lady Bird. But if you will be good and love me, I will not sell you; I will buy you myself, and pay up Ben's debts for him; and we shall all go on very comfortably. You can be here often, and to all appearance you will be as free as you are now. Wouldn't you be happy to live with me?" And the bad man began to kiss and embrace Maud in a way that caused her to shriek with all her strength. Again that hateful hand was pressed over her mouth, and the wretch said, angrily,

"Unless you consent to my plan, I will set you on the block to be sold to the highest bidder."

"Nothing worse *can* happen to me than to fall into your power." Let me alone, I tell you, or I will hold my breath till I die; and *then* who will pay Ben's debts? Sell me, sell me, but take from me your hateful presence."

Star thought it best to leave his victim for a short time; he was somewhat fearful that her reason or her life would be affected by any further excitement at that time.

The moment that he was gone she sat down and penned a half insane letter to her city friends, and, calling a slave, sent him off on horseback to the Post Office with it. Then, hastily tying up a small bundle, she hurried on a shawl and bonnet, and started off into the woods, steering North. Poor, forsaken, distracted one! she had but one clear idea left—"The North is a land of liberty!" Until dark she wandered on, and after dark, until, from exhaustion, she fell and could not rise. There the hounds, that had been let loose for the hunt as soon as her flight was discovered, found her. They all knew her, and would not do her any harm. Ah! thought she, would that human beings were as faithful and as kind as dogs! The slaves soon came up, and with weeping and wild outcry they took their late mistress—now become one of themselves—in their arms, and bore her towards the Holm. They had gone but a little distance when they met Star.

"Bomination old Nick!" grunted a negro in the ear of Maud; "we all hate him. Shall we kill him, missie?"

Maud did not reply. More dead than alive, she was drawn upon the horse of Star, and, thus supporting her, he rode back to the house.

Maud was taken into the city, and when she was able to stand—for after her flight and removal from the plantation she was a long time ill—she was taken to the slave auction for sale. Star had resigned all idea of appropriating to himself this troublesome and expensive luxury; she had told him such plain truths, and so many of them, that he really felt that it would be a relief to get her off his hands. From her friends in town not a word had she ever heard. She supposed that everybody had forsaken her as soon as it was known that she was a slave.

She was the first woman placed upon the block. When her beautiful, though pale and sad face, and her elegant and graceful form appeared before the multitude, there was a murmur of admiration, yea, and of compassion. She stood like an image of despair and desolation, indifferent to all that was said or done. Among the crowd stood several who had known her as mistress of the feast and of her father's house. What a fall was here!

The bidding began. Rapidly it rose. There was many a man in that company who would gladly have purchased Maud to set her free, for not all the noble-hearted ones are in free lands; but the trouble is that most of these men are poor, or not able to pay largely for the privilege of doing good. Therefore when the price rose above five thousand dollars there were but few bidders left, and when it rose to *ten*, there were but two contestants.

At the sound of the voice that shouted "Ten thousand!" Maud's pallor and listlessness vanished. Her large eyes flashed open; her lips unclosed and stood, quivering, apart; the rich blood mounted to her cheeks, and even her neck and shoulders, which were all exposed, were tinged with the rosy hue. She leaned eagerly forward, and her piercing gaze swept the throng below her. Hope, expectation, unutterable anxiety, were written on her face and expressed in her attitude. There was something else, too, glowing warmly in that beauteous face; love—yearning love was there, and the beholders saw it. Woe for the maiden whose every blush made more dangerous her situation!

"Twelve thousand dollars!" shouted an obese animal who had not bidden since the price rose to eight thousand. The stupid satyr! did he think that he, with gold, could buy the animation, the glow, the radiant charms, which that beautiful spirit gave to the clay form before him? Had he obtained that form it had been but as a dead glow-worm in his hand.

"Fourteen thousand!" cried the beloved voice. Maud looked with speechless gratitude down upon the bidder.

"Courage!" She saw him form the word upon his lips. He uttered nothing. It was Wilder, and by his side was Tom, while rallying about him were the other male cousins, together with several of their best friends.

Maud did take courage. She saw the excited faces of her friends: she knew that they would save her if they could.

It is a good thing to have friends such as can stand any test. They are not easy to find; though until one has made the search one cannot believe it.

Happy Maud! late so forlorn. She now knew that she was not forsaken in her time of need; and, oh! joy of joys! he whose interest in her was the thing in life most to be desired, was her chief friend. She read it all in his eager and resolute face; in the look so eloquent which he turned on her. She no longer felt her chains. "Fifteen thousand!" vociferated the man who had steadily outbid Wilder. Tom looked terrified, and turned his eyes on his cousin. There was unfaltering determination there, however, and Tom's courage rallied.

"Twenty thousand dollars!" cried Wilder, *and there was no further bid.* The rival of Wilder turned away, swearing that he wouldn't "give more than fifteen thousand for the handsomest white nigger out of Paradise."

"You are free! you are free!" shouted Tom, wild with delight. "Miles has done it. I knew he would. Did you get my letter? What made you look so downcast when you first took your stand. Didn't you believe that Miles would save you?"

All this was rapidly uttered as Maud's friends crowded about her. Tom's nimble tongue did most of the talking. But Wilder was covering his purchased one with a shawl, his looks expressing far more than Tom's words did.

"I received no letter," said Maud.

"Then that villain Star suppressed it; for I gave it into his own hands."

"Which was very bright of you, cousin Tom. Why did you not give it to the jailor or to some slave? Of course Star would never deliver it."

A carriage was in readiness, and the party all entered it and drove gladly to the house of Mr. James Wilder, where—to make our story somewhat shorter—there was soon after a wedding, Miss Maud Clinton becoming the wife of Mr. Miles Wilder. Tom felt rather wretchedly at the thought of the way things had turned; but he sustained himself under his trials by the reflection that as Miles had rescued the lady of his love (and he said he would have done so at the sacrifice of all he had on earth) he had really the best right to her; and then he lived North and was to take Maud directly home with him, where she would never be annoyed by being reminded of these distressing scenes, and where she could say and do as much against slavery as she chose, and she would be quite likely. Tom thought, to hate "the peculiar institution" worse now than ever; and for him, in his situation and circumstances, a wife with such feelings and opinions would be very inconvenient and perhaps damaging; and more than all that, thought Tom, determined to put the best face on the matter, and to be as happy in his cousin's happiness as he could, it is clear that they were made for each other, for cannot one see this from their very names? "Miles" and Maud" were made to go together. Well, God bless them! let them go.

[THE END.]

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

[An Address, by Mrs. J. T. Hogeboom, delivered before the Farmers' Club at Ghent, Columbia Co., N. Y.]

In proportion as man advances in civilization, he cultivates the ground. Prominent among the surroundings of the homestead is his garden. Our subject comprises only a portion of the garden proper. There are those who exclude flowers as being useless superfluities. I claim that a garden is not a garden without a proportion of flowers. Some will say, when flowers are spoken of, "A ripening field of wheat is the handsomest flower garden for me," or "The flower garden that suits me best is a broad field of clover in full bloom"; still another will express a preference for the growing maize. While we will all, I doubt not, acknowledge all that is claimed for the corn, clover or wheat, we would claim for the flower garden merits all its own. None will claim for twenty square feet of grain or clover that it is remarkably beautiful or rich; the beauty and richness of either depends so much upon extent; the idea of quantity is so largely involved. In perfection, the grain field, like the sea, should be boundless. The clover, with its wealth of bloom, is admirable. The waving corn, yielding in stately grace only to the Oriental palm, we are very apt to think of only as yielding so many bushels per acre. There is inevitably the material idea at the bottom in our view of these things of gain. The flower garden is simply a collection of things valueless except as to their beauty. There is no appeal to acquisitiveness; there is nothing of selfishness aroused; we can admire our neighbor's garden with unalloyed pleasure. One merit of the flower garden is that it may be perfect in its kind and yet be limited in space (some say the smaller the better). Few of us have leisure for the cultivation of more than a few square feet of soil.

You say, perhaps, "If the young folks must indulge in sentiment, let them hunt up wild flowers"; but let me tell you, while that is all very well, as far as it goes, it is going a great ways to depend upon wild flowers. The axe and the plough—those agents of advancing civilization—have almost annihilated the wild flowers. They are only allowed the almost inaccessible rocky ledge, or the marsh too deep for cultivation. You would not exclude the *old folks* from some little enjoyment of sentiment? (I protest against that.) So you must allow a small space for the Flower Garden. Civilization, while it has intensified man's existence, so to speak, created for him necessities and multiplied his ability, has also deprived him in great measure of the physical liberty to roam at his own sweet will, over limitless regions, in search of inspiration. He is obliged to concentrate his means of happiness; his time is more valuable; he lives faster. In the midst of all the rush, let us take care that the mental part of our nature keeps peace with our physical development; that we become not merely splendid animals or automatons, governing inferior creation, but incapable of self-government, or little more than a component part of the machines we drive.

I would deprecate the mental narrowness that could see no beauty in the ripling brook save in the amount of meadow land it would irrigate; or which could see only in the growing corn the number of swine it promises to fatten. We should none of us regard as belonging to the highest type of humanity him who, looking for the first time upon Niagara in all its grandeur, and ignoring all the sublime features of the scene before him, thinks of it only as so much mill power wasted! You may say that is an extreme case—very few, indeed, could fail to see the sublimity—almost every one is awe-struck in looking at Niagara. It is carrying the habit of utilizing everything to the last extremity. I would not be understood as undervaluing utility. I have a most profound respect for the homely quality; it is that which supplies all our material wants. But we are not always hungry or thirsty. There is a mental famine to which we should administer as diligently as to our physical necessities, and our means of providing for that want lies in the beauty with which we may be able to surround ourselves. We are too apt to look upon everything that arises in the light of utility only; too apt to cast behind us, somewhat as a temptation intended to lead us from the path of duty, everything calculated to please the fancy or excite the imagination. Would it not be wiser in us to grasp the advantages which a residence in the country affords, and make that residence more desirable even for the youth of our land? We have all the means of cultivating an appreciation of the beautiful. When speaking of a painting, the highest praise is to say how natural it is. We may have much that is very beautiful, and among the most beautiful of Nature's works must be classed Flowers. In the first Garden of which we read, there were trees pleasant to the eye, as well as good for food. The gift of sight has been grandly characterized as the "imperial faculty": it is only his when backed by the mind capable of imagining more than the physical organ can discern. In the keenness of no one of the senses does man excel animals of a lower grade in the scale of creation. The camel, traversing the long wastes of sand, often saves his rider because he smells water a long ways off. The eagle discerns clearly what is imperceptible to our duller eye. Almost all animals are gifted with a power of discrimination in regard to the selection of their food—rejecting the noxious, partaking only the wholesome. We call it instinct—it sometimes errs—it is probably only due to unvitiated taste. It is only in the power of imagination, excitable by outward impressions, that man takes rank as the superior animal.

Ought we not, therefore, to cultivate our power of appreciating that which is beyond the mere gratification of the appetites, in order that the mark which distinguishes us from the mere animal may be broad and well defined? Among the means to be used I would place the Flower Garden. I would consider the flowers more necessary to the well being of the family than the strawberry or asparagus beds. The place of the fruit or vegetable may be supplied by a substitute, but there is nothing within our reach that can take the place of flowers. In that same first garden the first walk of which we read was taken in the cool of the day. *Our* appreciation of these things comes to us when we would seek forgetfulness of the cares of life. When the toil of the day is done, how soothingly the beauty of flowers impresses us, with nothing to remind us of sordid, weary humanity; fresh and fragrant, they greet us with a welcome that has in it none of the heat and burden of the day. The mind reposing itself in the contemplation of flowers must be freed for the time at least from sordidness, must be lifted above the carking cares of material existence. And if we acknowledge that this is done, even for a short space of time, do we not concede that the mission of flowers is elevating, refining and humanizing?

There is a condition of mind—*fruit* of the contemplation of the beautiful—quite as much to be desired as the more material fruits of the field or orchard; not as necessary, I grant, to material existence, but quite as essential to the highest enjoyment of even *that*.

FAREWELL WORDS OF THEODORE PARKER.

From his "Experience as a Minister"

To compose sermons, and preach them to multitudes of men of one sort but many conditions, thereto setting forth the great Truths of Absolute Religion, and applying them to the various events of this wondrous human life, trying to make the Constitution of the Universe the Common Law of men, illustrating my thought with all that I can gather from the World of Matter, its use and beauty both, and from the World of Man, from human labors, sorrows, joys and everlasting hopes—this has been my great delight. Your pulpit has been my joy and my throne. Though Press and State, Market and Meeting-House, have been hostile to us, you have yet given me the largest Protestant audience in America, save that which Orthodox Mr. Beecher, who breaks with no theologic tradition of the New England Church, inspires with his deep emotional nature, so devout and so humane, and charms with his poetic eloquence, that is akin to both the sweetbriar and the rose, and all the beauty which springs up wild amid New England hills, and to the loveliness of common life: I have given you my sermons in return, at once my labor and delight. My Life is in them, and all my character, its good and ill; thereby you know me better than I, perhaps, myself—for a man's words and his face when excited in sermon and in prayer tell all he is, the reflection of what he has done. Sermons are never out of my mind; and when sickness brings on me the consciousness that I have nought to do, its most painful part, still, by long habit all things will take this form; and the gorgeous vegetation of the Tropics, their fiery skies so brilliant all the day, and star-lit too with such exceeding beauty all the night; the glittering fishes in the market, as many-colored as a gardener's show, these Josephs of the sea; the silent pelicans, flying forth at morning and back again at night; the strange, fantastic trees, the dry pods rattling their historic bones all day, while the new bloom comes fragrant out beside, a noiseless prophecy; the ducks rejoicing in the long-expected rain; a negro on an ambling pad; the slender-legged, half-naked negro children in the street, playing their languid games, or oftener screaming 'neath their mother's blows, amid black swine, hens and uncounted dogs; the never-ceasing clack of women's tongues, more shrewd than female in their shrill violence; the unceasing, multifarious kindness of our hostess; and, overtowering all, the self-sufficient, West India Creole pride, alike contemptuous of toil and ignorant and impotent of thought—all these common things turn into poetry as I look on or am compelled to hear, and then transfigure into sermons, which come also spontaneously by night, and give themselves to me, and even in my sleep say they are meant for you. Shall they ever be more than the walking of

"A sick man in his sleep,
Three paces, and then faltering"?

The doctors cannot tell; I also know not, but hope and strive to live a little longer, that I may work much more. Oh, that the truths of Absolute Religion, which Human Nature demands, and offers, too, from the Infinitely Perfect God who dwells therein, while He transcends the Universe—Oh, that these were an Idea enlightening all men's minds, a Feeling in their hearts, and Action in their outward life! Oh, that America's two-and-thirty thousand ministers, Hebrew, Christian, Mormon, knew these truths, and to mankind preached Piety and Morality, and that Theology which is the Science of God and his two-fold Universe, and forgot their mythologic and misguiding dreams! Then what a New World were ours! Sure I would gladly live to work for this.

I may recover entirely, and stand before you full of brown health, equal to the manifold labors of that position, live to the long period of some of my fathers, and at last die naturally of old age. This to me seems most desirable, though certainly not most probable.

Or, I may so far recover that I shall falter on a score of years or so, one eye on my work, the other on my body, which refuses to do it, and so urge my weak and balky horse along a miry, broken road. If this be so, then, in some still, little rural nook, in sight of town, but not too nigh, I may finish some of the many things I have begun, and left for the afternoon or evening of my days; and yet, also, from time to time, meet you again, and, with words of lofty cheer, look on the inspiring face of a great congregation. With this I should be well content; once it was the ideal of my hope.

In either of these cases, I see how the time of this illness, and the discipline alike of disappointment and recovery, would furnish me new power. Several times in my life has it happened that I have met with what seemed worse than death, and, in my short-sighted folly, I said, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest!" Yet my griefs all turned into blessings; the joyous seed I planted came up Discipline, and I wished to tear it from the ground; but it flowered fair, and bore a sweeter, sounder fruit than I expected from what I set in earth. As I look over my life, I find no disappointment and no sorrow I could afford to lose: the cloudy morning has turned out the fairer day; the wounds of my enemies have done me good. So wondrous is this Human Life, not ruled by Fate, but Providence, which is Wisdom married unto Love, each infinite! What has been may be. If I recover wholly, or but in part, I see new sources of power beside these waters of affliction I have stooped at; I shall not think I have gone through "the Valley of Baca" in vain, nor begrudge the time that I have lingered there, seeming idle: rainy days also help seed the ground. One thing I am sure of: I have learned the wealth and power of the grateful, generous feeling of men, as I knew them not before, nor hoped on earth to find so rich. High as I have thought of Human Nature, I had not quite done justice to the present growth of these beautiful faculties. Here and now, as so oft before, I have found more treasure than I dreamed lay hidden where I looked.

But if neither of these hopes becomes a fact, if the silver cord part soon above the fountain, and the golden bowl be broke, let not us complain: a new bowl, and a stronger cord, shall serve the Well of Life for you. Though quite aware how probable this seems, believe me, I have not yet had a single hour of sadness; trust me, I shall not. True, it is not pleasant to leave the plough broken in the furrow just begun, while the seed-corn smiles in the open sack, impatient to be sown, and the whole field promises such liberal return. To say Farewell to the thousands I have been wont to preach to, and pray with, now joyous, and tearful now—it has its bitterness to one not eighty-four, but forty-eight. To undo the natural ties more intimately knit of long-continued friendship and of love—this is the bitter part. But if it be my lot, let not you nor me complain. Death comes to none except to bring a blessing; it is no misfortune to lay aside these well-loved weeds of earth, and be immortal. To you, as a Congregation, my loss may be easily supplied; and to me it is an added consolation to know that, however long and tenderly remembered, I should not long be missed; some other will come in my place, perhaps without my defects, possessed of nobler gifts, and certainly not hindered by the ecclesiastical and social hostility which needs must oppose a man who has lived and wrought as I. It will not always be unpopular justly to seek the welfare of all men. Let us rejoice that others may easily reap golden corn where we have but scared the wild beasts away, or hewn down the savage woods, burning them with dangerous fire, and make the rich, rough ground smooth for culture. It was with a grimmer fight, with sourer sweat, and blacker smoke, and redder fire, that the fields were cleared where you and I now win a sweet and easy bread.

What more shall I say to sweeten words of farewell, which must have a bitter taste? If I have taught you any great Religious Truths, or roused therewith Emotions that are good, apply them to your life, however humble or however high and wide; convert them into Deeds, that your superior Religion may appear in your superior Industry, your Justice and your Charity, coming out in your housekeeping, and all manner of work. So when your

"Course
Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook
His unobtrusive merit: but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in Good,
That shall survive his name and memory."

Let not fondness for me, now heightened by my illness, and my absence too, blind your eyes to errors which may be in my doctrine, which must be in my life; I am content to serve by warning, where I cannot guide by example. Mortal, or entered on Immortal Life, still let me be your Minister, to serve, never your Master, to hinder and command. Do not stop where I could go no further, for, after so long teaching, I feel that I have just begun to learn, begun my work. "No man can feed us always;" welcome, then, each wiser guide who points you out a better way. On earth, I shall not cease to be thankful for your Patience, which has borne with me so much and long; for your Sympathy, nearest when needed most, and the examples of noble Christian Life, which I have found in some of you,

"To whom is given
The joy that mixes man with Heaven:
Who, rowing hard against the stream,
See distant gates of Eden gleam,
And never dream it is a dream:
But hear, by secret transport led,
Even in the charnels of the dead,
The murmur of the Fountain-head;
Who will accomplish High Desire,
Bear and forbear, and never tire—
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire,
As looking upward, full of grace,
He prayed, and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face!"

Here they add to my joy; perhaps their remembrance will add to my delight in Heaven.

May you be faithful to your own Souls; train up your Sons and Daughters to lofty character, most fit for humble duty; and to far cathedral heights of excellence, build up the Being that you are, with Feelings, Thoughts and Actions, that become a glorious Human Creature, by greatly doing the common work of life, heedful of all the Charities, which are twice blest, both by their gifts and their forgiveness too. And the Infinite Perfection, the Cause and Providence of all that is, the Absolute Love, transcending the time and space it fills, OUR FATHER, and OUR MOTHER too, will bless you each beyond your prayer, forever and forever. Bodily absent, though present still with you by the Immortal Part, so hopes and prays Your Minister and Friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

Fredericksted, West-End, Santa Cruz, April 19, 1859.

A HYMN BY THEODORE PARKER.

The following hymn is from the pen of the late Rev. Theodore Parker, and may be found in the Rev. Samuel Longfellow's "Book of Hymns," published by Ticknor & Fields of Boston. This book has been pronounced "one of the best collections of sacred poetry extant," and has already reached its tenth edition. Some of its hymns were copied into the Rev. Mr. Beecher's hymn-book by permission of the Rev. Mr. Longfellow; and a little anecdote connected with the procurement of this hymn of the Rev. Mr. Parker's will not be out of place. It seems that when Mr. Longfellow applied for it, Mr. Parker at first declined (knowing how unpopular he was with many people), and said, "It will damn your book." "Well," replied Mr. Longfellow, "then let it, but I must have a hymn from you." So Mr. Parker wrote it, and his society adopted and used the book.—*Evening Post.*

"CHRIST, THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE."

O thou great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call the brethren forth from want and woe;

We look to Thee! Thy truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes! Thou art still the Life; Thou art the Way
The holiest know—Light, Life, and Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE SLAVES WHEN FREED?

From John S. C. Abbott's new Work.

There is no embarrassment in the question, "What is to become of the slaves if we adopt the system of free labor?" We want every one of them. In the West Indies, instead of sending any away, they are doing everything in their power to induce more to come, and join the eight hundred thousand free laborers who are now tilling those beautiful ocean isles. The United States, at this hour, need laborers more than anything else. We have millions of acres wasting for the plough of the cultivating. We have vast crops of corn, and hay, and sugar, and cotton, and wheat, which require the strong arms of industry, and the shout of free voices welcoming the harvest home. The very moment free labor is introduced, we shall hear no more of the "nuisance" of having strong and docile men ready, for moderate wages, to till our soil. A kind Providence has spread them over the fertile fields of the country, instead of accumulating them in the cities. They are now just where they are needed. They understand

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

EXTRA.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY:
Its Origin, Necessity & Permanence.

A SPEECH BY CHARLES SUMNER,

Before the Young Men's Republican Union of New-York, at the Cooper Institute, July 11, 1860.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF NEW-YORK: Of all men in our history, there are two whose influence at this moment is most peculiar. Though dead, they yet live, speak and act in the conflict of principles, which divides the country—standing face to face like two well-matched champions. When I add that one was from South Carolina, and the other from Massachusetts, you will see at once that I mean John C. Calhoun, and John Quincy Adams.

Statesmen both of long career, of marked ability, and of unblemished integrity—acting together at first—sitting in the same Cabinet—which they quitted—one to become Vice-President, and the other President, then for the remainder of their days battling in Congress and dying there—each was a leader in life, but each has become in death a grander leader still.

Mr. Calhoun possessed an intellect of much originality and boldness, and, though wanting in the culture of a scholar, made himself felt in council and in debate. To native powers unlike, but not inferior, Mr. Adams added the well-ripened fruits of long experience in foreign lands, and of studies more various and complete than those of any public man in our history, beside an indomitable will, and that spirit of freedom which inspired his father when in the Continental Congress he so eloquently maintained the Declaration of Independence, making himself its "colossus" on that floor.

Sitting together in the Cabinet of Mr. Munroe, they concurred in sanctioning the Prohibition of Slavery in the Missouri Territory as constitutional, and so advised the President. But here the divergence probably began—though for a long time it was not made manifest. The Diary of Mr. Adams shows that at that early day, when Slavery had been little discussed, he saw its enormity with instinctive quickness, and described it with corresponding force. The record is less full with regard to Mr. Calhoun; but when in later life they appeared, one in the Senate, and the other in the House of Representatives, each openly assumed the position by which he will be known in history—one as the leader in all the pretensions of Slavery and of slavemasters, and the other as the champion of Freedom.

Mr. Calhoun regarded Slavery as a permanent institution; Mr. Adams regarded it as transitory. Mr. Calhoun vaunted it as a form of civilization; Mr. Adams scorned it as an unquestionable barbarism. Mr. Calhoun did not hesitate to call it the most stable basis for free government; Mr. Adams vehemently denounced it as a curse, full of weakness and mockery and doubly offensive in a boastful Republic. Mr. Calhoun, not content with thus exalting Slavery, proceeded to denounce the early opinions of Washington and Jefferson as "folly and delusion," to assail the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence as "absurd," and then to proclaim that human beings are property under the Constitution, and as such, may be transported into the Territories and there held in Slavery; while Mr. Adams added to the glory of his long and diversified career, by persistent efforts, which are better for his fame than having been President—upholding the great rights of petition and of speech; vindicating the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence; exposing the hateful character of Slavery; insisting upon its prohibition in the Territories; denying the asserted property in man; and especially and often exhibiting the unjust power in the National Government, usurped by what he called "the little cluster" of slavemasters, whose yoke was to him intolerable.

Such, most briefly told, were the antagonist opinions of these two chiefs. Never was greater conflict designed to involve a great country more distinctly foreshadowed. All that the Republican party now opposes may be found in John C. Calhoun. All that the Republican party now maintains may be found in John Quincy Adams. Choose ye, fellow-citizens, between the two. The rule of "Principles, and not men" is hardly applicable to a man whose life now bears the sacred seal of death, and whose name is the synonim of principle; yet I do not hesitate to say that our cause is best appreciated in its precise objects and aims. Proud as we may be to tread where John Quincy Adams leads the way, there is a guide of more commanding authority found in the eternal laws of Right, and the concurring mandates of the Constitution itself, when properly interpreted, which teaches the duties of a good citizen. Such is the guide of the Republican party, which, I say fearlessly, where most known, will be most trusted, and which, when understood in its origin, will be seen to be no accidental or fugitive organization, merely for an election, but an irresistible necessity, which in the nature of things, must be as permanent as the pretensions, moral and political, which it seeks to constrain and counteract.

Let us dwell, then, on the Republican party, its origin, its necessity, and its permanence.

All must admit that if no Republican party existed now—even if that halcyon day so often promised by cajoling politicians had come, when the Slavery question was settled—still there would be a political necessity for a great party of Opposition to act as a check on the Administration. A kindred necessity was once expressed by an eminent British statesman, who gave as a toast, "A strong Administration and a strong Opposition." Parties are unknown in despotic countries. They belong to the machinery of free governments. Through parties, public opinion is concentrated and directed. Through parties, principles are maintained above men. And through parties, men in power are held to a just responsibility. But if ever there was occasion for such a party, it is now, when the corruptions of the Administration have been dragged to light by recent Committees of Congress. On this ground alone, good men might be summoned to rescue the Government of our country.

It is now an attested fact that Mr. Buchanan became President through corruption. Money, familiarly known as a "corruption fund," first distilled in small drippings from clerks and petty officials, was swollen by the larger contributions of merchants and contractors, and with this accumulation votes were purchased in Philadelphia, enough to turn the election in that great metropolis, and in the chain of cause and effect, to assure the triumph of the Democratic candidate. I speak now only what has been proved. Fraudulent naturalization papers in blank, by which this was perpetrated, have been produced before a Committee of Congress. It was natural that an Administration thus corrupt in origin, should continue to exercise power through the same corruption by which power was gained; but nothing else than that insensibility to acts of shame, which is bred by familiarity, can explain how all this should be done with such absolute indecency of exposure—wearing scarcely so much as a fig-leaf.

A letter from a local politician, addressed to the President himself, urging without disguise the giving of a large contract for machinery to a particular house in Philadelphia, employing 450 mechanics, with a view to the approaching election, was inclosed to the Secretary of the Navy, with this indorsement, in a well-known hand-writing: "Sept. 15, 1858. The inclosed letter from Col. Patterson of Philadelphia is submitted to the attention of the Secretary of the Navy. J. B." Thus did the President of the United States, in formal written words, now of record in the history of the country, recommend the employment of the public money, set apart for the public service, to influence an election. Here was corruption as positive as when his supporters purchased votes in the streets. From one, learn all; and from such a characteristic instance, learn the character of the Administration. But there are other well-known instances; and the testimony before the Congressional Committees discloses the President on Sundays, in secret conclave with one of his corrupt agents, piously occupied in discussing the chances of an election, and how its expenses were to be met, while, at the same time, like another Joseph Surface, he was uttering in public fine sentiments of political morality, and lamenting the prevalence of the very indecencies in which he was engaged.

It was natural that a President, who with professions of purity on the lips, made himself the pander of such vulgar corruption, should stick at nothing needed to carry his purposes. I shall not dwell on the Lecompton Constitution; but it belongs to this chapter. You all know its wickedness. Concocted originally at Washington, with the single purpose of fastening Slavery upon the people of Kansas, it was by execrable contrivance so arranged as to prevent the people, when about to become a State, from voting on that question. Next, sanctioned by a convention of usurpers, who in no respect represented the people of Kansas; then fraudulently submitted to the people for their votes, it was fraudulently adopted by stuffing ballot-boxes on a scale never before known—thus at the Delaware Crossing, where there were but forty-three legal voters, 400 were returned; at Oxford, where there were but forty-two legal voters, 1,000 were returned; and at Shawnee, where there were but forty legal voters, 1,200 were returned. And yet this Constitution, disowned by the very Governor who had gone to Kansas as the agent of the President, rotten with corruption, gaping with fraud, and steaming with iniquity, was at once recognized by the President, urged upon Congress in his Annual Message, and pressed for adoption by all the appliances of unprincipled power. If the words of Jugurtha, turning his back upon Rome, cannot be repeated, that *all had a price*, it was not from any forbearance in the President. A single editor was offered the printing of the Post-Office blanks, worth at least $80,000, upon the condition that he should, by an editorial no larger than a man's hand, promise subserviency to the Administration. Bribes of office were added to bribes of money. As the votes of electors had already been purchased to make Mr. Buchanan President; the votes of Representatives were now solicited to carry out his scheme of corruption, and the halls of Congress were changed into a political market-house, where men were bought by the head. Is not all this enough to arouse the indignation of the people?

It is true that the President, whose power began in corruption, and who is the responsible author of the corruption by which his Administration has been debased, is no longer a candidate for office. Already judgment has begun. His own political party has discarded him. The first avenging blow has been struck. Incorruptible history will do the rest. The tablets conspicuously erected in Genoa to expose the crimes of Doges, branding one as *Fur Magnus* and the other as *Maximus Latronum*, will not be needed here. The exposed corrupter, the tyrant enslaver, and the robber of Human Freedom, cannot be forgotten. Unhappy President! After a long career of public service, not only tossed aside, but tossed over to perpetual memory as an example to be shunned. Better for him the oblivion of common life than the bad fame which he has won!

But, though not himself a candidate for office, his peculiar supporters, animated by his spirit, linked with him in all his misrule, are embodied as a party, and ask your votes. Simply to resist this combination, and to save the Republic from its degrading influence, would justify the formation of the Republican party; and I doubt not that there are many who will be content to unite with us on this ground alone, anxious to put the National Government once again in pure hands. To all such, welcome!

While this consummation necessarily enters into the present purposes of the Republican party, while we naturally begin by insisting upon purity in the Government, and make this one of our urgent demands, it is obvious that the quickening impulse of the party, is to be found in other purposes, which cannot pass away in a single election. The Republican party seeks to overthrow the Slave Oligarchy in the National Government, and especially at this moment to stay its aggressions in the Territories, which through a corrupt interpretation of the Constitution, it threatens to barbarize with Slavery. But all who seek purity in the National Government must unite in this purpose; for only by the overthrow of this corrupt Oligarchy, which beginning in the denial of all human rights, necessarily shows itself in barbarism and corruption of all kinds, can a better order of things prevail. It is out of Slavery that all our griefs proceed; nor can the corruptions of the present Administration be fully comprehended without considering the nature of this Evil and its chronic influence over our Government, reaching everywhere by subtle agencies or more subtle farreaching example, but still in itself the original and all-sufficient activity. As well attempt to explain the Gulf Stream without the Gulf of Mexico, or the origin of Evil without the human heart, as attempt to explain the present degraded character of our National Government without Slavery. As well attempt to enact the play of Othello without the Moor. And permit me to say that our warfare with these corruptions will be feeble unless we attack them in their origin.

The subject is so vast that I can undertake to expose it by glimpses only.

At the beginning of our history, Slavery was universally admitted to be an Evil. Nobody then so hardy as to vindicate it. In the Convention which framed the Constitution, it was branded as "a nefarious institution," or more mildly called simply "wrong," and these generous voices came from the South as well as from the North. Out of the Convention there was a similar accord. I shall not quote the words of Washington, Jefferson, or Franklin, or Joy, for they are familiar to all. But as they spoke others spoke, and I might occupy this whole evening simply in reading this testimony. Nor were these declarations confined to men in public life. The Colleges all, by special action, arrayed themselves against Slavery, especially the University of William and Mary, in Virginia, which conferred upon Granville Sharpe, the acknowledged chief of British Abolitionists, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The Literature of the land, such as it was, agreed with the Colleges. The Church, too, added its powerful voice; and here, amid the diversities of religious faith, we hail that unity of spirit which animated all. Quakers, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists seem almost to have vied with each other in this pious testimony.

The Constitution was adopted, but the word "slave" was not allowed to pollute its text; and this was in declared deference to the prevailing opinion, which regarded Slavery as temporary, destined soon to pass away. All looked forward to this glad day, which seemed to be almost at hand. In harmony with this expectation, Slavery was prohibited in all the existing territories of the Union, so that when Washington, as first President of the United States, at his inauguration here in New-York, took his first oath to support the Constitution, the flag of the Republic nowhere on the land within the jurisdiction of Congress covered a single slave. Little then did the Fathers dream that the Evil which they regarded with shame, and which they exerted themselves to prohibit, would elevate its obscene crest, as it now does, and blast its pretensions before the world. Little did they dream that the Constitution, from which they had carefully excluded the very *word*, which, in defiance of reason and of common sense, be held to protect the *thing*, so exceptionally that it could not be reached by Congressional prohibition, even within Congressional jurisdiction. Little did they dream that the text, which they left so pure and healthful, would, through corrupt interpretation, be swollen into such a hideous *Elephantiasis*.

Two circumstances, civilizing in themselves, have exercised an unexpected influence for Slavery; first, the abolition of the slave-trade, which by taking away the supply has increased the value of slaves; and secondly, the increased cultivation of cotton stimulated by the invention of new machinery. The last has been of especial influence. Indeed it is hardly too much to say, that out of this slender cotton fiber have been formed the manacles of the slave. Thus, through sinister influences, and the wickedness of men, is good made the minister of wrong. Next arises Christopher Columbus, who, by his sublime enterprise, opened the pathway to the New World, Eli Whitney, who discovered the cotton gin, has been indirectly and unconsciously a chief agent in the bondage of the African race on the North American continent; and surely a proper gratitude for the advantages which we enjoy in such large store from these two discoveries must prompt us to increased activity for the welfare of those who, alas! have been such losers where we have been such gainers.

This change of opinion, or disastrous in its results, was gradual. Though easily detected, its successive stages, by the careful inquirer, it did not become manifest to the whole country till 1820, when it burst forth in the Missouri question. Then, for the first time, Slavery openly showed itself violent, insolent, belligerent. Freedom was checked, but saved something by a compromise—called, at the moment of its adoption, by Charles Pinckney of South Carolina, "a triumph of the South," where, in consideration of the admission of Missouri as a Slave State—thus securing an additional preponderance to the Slave Power—it was stipulated that Slavery should be prohibited in certain outlying territory, at the time trodden only by savages. Then came a lull, during which the change was still at work, until cotemporaneous with the abolition of Slavery in the British West Indies, the discussion was lighted anew. Meanwhile slaves had augmented in price, and slavemasters had become more decided in opinion. At first, in timid deference to the world, they ventured on no defense of Slavery in the abstract: but at last, bolder grown under the lead of Mr. Calhoun, they threw aside all reserve, openly assailed the opinions of the Fathers, audaciously denied the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence, and by formal resolution asserted the new dogma of Slavery in the Territories. This was in 1847. A letter from Mr. Calhoun of that day, addressed to a member of the Alabama Legislature, shows that there was an element of policy in the exaggeration. His desire was "to force the Slavery issue" on the North, believing that delay was dangerous, as the slavemasters were relatively stronger, both morally and politically, than they would ever be again.

At last the end has come. Slavery is openly pronounced at one time "the black-marble keystone of our National Arch;" at another time "the corner-stone of our Republican edifice;" then it is vaunted as "the highest type of civilization;" then as "a blessing to the master as well as the slave;" and then again "as ennobling to the master if not to the slave." It is the only first step which costs, and therefore the authors of these opinions, so shocking to the moral sense, do not hesitate at other opinions equally shocking to the reason which pretend to find impossible sanctions for Slavery in the Constitution. Listening to these extravagances, who would not exclaim with Ben Jonson in the play?—

> Grave father, he's possest: again I say,
> Possest: nay, if there be possession
> And obsession, he has both.

And now, fellow-citizens, what is Slavery? This is no question merely of curiosity or philanthropy; for when the National Government, which you and I and the North help to constitute, is degraded to be its instrument, and all the National Territories are proclaimed open to its barbarism, and the Constitution itself is perverted to sanction its pretensions, the whole subject logically and necessarily enters into our discussion. It cannot be avoided; it cannot be blinked out of sight. Nay, you must pass upon it by your votes at the coming election. Futile is the plea that we at the North have nothing to do with Slavery. Granted that we have nothing to do with it in the States; we have much to do with all its irrational pretensions under the Constitution, and just so long as these irrational pretensions are urged, Slavery must be discussed. It must be laid bare in its enormity, precisely as though it were proposed to plant it here in New-York. Nor can such a wrong—foul in itself, and fouler still in its pretensions—be dealt with tamely. Tameness is surrender; and charity, too, may be misapplied. Forgiving those who trespass against us, I know not if we are called to forgive those who trespass against others; to forgive those who trespass against a race; to forgive those who trespass against the Republic; to forgive those who trespass against civilization; to forgive those who trespass against a whole race; to forgive those who trespass against the universal human family; finally to forgive those who trespass against God. Such trespassers now exist among us—possessing the organization of party—possessing the control of the National Government—constituting at this moment a colossal Power—and "what seems its head the likeness of a *President* has on." Surely if ever there was a moment when every faculty should be bent into the service, and all should be invigorated by an inspiring zeal falsely rejected by the heartless diplomatist, it is now, while the battle between Civilization and Barbarism is still undecided, and you are summoned to resist the last desperate shock. To this work I am not equal; but I do not shrink from the duties of my post. Alas! Human language is gentle, and the human voice is weak. Words only are mine, when I ought to command thunderbolts. Voice only is mine, when, like the ancient Athenian, I ought to carry the weapons of Zeus on the tongue.

What then, I repeat, is Slavery? The occasion forbids details; but enough must be presented to place this outrage in its true light—as something worse even than a constant state of war where the master is the constant aggressor. And here I put aside for the moment all the tales which reach us from the house of bondage; all the cumulative, crushing testimony, alike from slaves and from their masters; all the barbarous incidents which have helped to arouse a yet too feeble indignation; in short, all the glimpses which have come to us from this mighty Blue Beard's chamber. All these I put aside, not because they are of little moment in exhibiting the true character of Slavery, but because I desire to arraign Slavery on grounds above all controversy, impeachment or suspicion, even from slave masters themselves. Not on triumphant story, adorned by the genius of woman; not even on indisputable facts do I now accuse Slavery; but on its character as revealed in its own simple definition of itself. Out of its own mouth do I condemn it.

By the *law of Slavery*, man created in the image of God, fearfully and wonderfully made, with sensibilities of pleasure and pain, with sentiments of love, with aspirations for improvement, with a sense of property, and with a soul like ourselves, is divested of his human character, and declared to be a mere *chattel* "to all intents and purposes whatsoever." I do not stop to give at length all its odious words; you are doubtless familiar with them. But in this simple definition is contained the whole incalculable wrong of Slavery; for out of it, as from an inexhaustible fountain, are derived all the unrighteous prerogatives of the master. These are five in number; and I know not which is most revolting.

First, there is the pretension that *man can hold property in man*, forgetful that, by a law older than all human law, foremost stands the indefeasible right of every man to himself.

Secondly, the *absolute nullification of the relation of husband and wife*, so that all who are called slaves are delivered over to concubinage or prostitution, it may be with each other, or it may be with their masters; but with whomsoever it may be, it is the same, for with slaves marriage is impossible, as they are always "coupled," never married.

Thirdly: *The absolute nullification of the relation of parent and child*; for the infant legally belongs, not to the mother who bore it, but to the master who bought it.

Fourthly: *The absolute denial of instruction*; for the master may always, at his own rude discretion, prevent his victim from learning to read, and thus shut upon him those gates of knowledge which open such vistas on earth and in Heaven. And

Fifthly: *The absolute robbery of the labor of another and of all its fruits*; forgetful that by the same original title under which every man has a title to himself, he has also a title to the fruits of his own labor, amounting in itself to a sacred property, which no person, however called, whether despot or master, can righteously appropriate.

Such are the five essential elements of Slavery. Look at them, and you will confess that this institution stands forth as a hateful assemblage of unquestionable wrongs under the sanction of existing law. Take away any one of these, and just to that extent Slavery will cease to exist. Take away all, and the Slavery question will be settled. But this assemblage becomes more hateful still when its unmistakable *single motive* is detected, which is simply this—*to compel Labor without wages*. Incredible as it may seem, it cannot be denied that the right of a man to himself—the right of a husband to his wife—the right of a parent to his child—the right of a man to instruction—the right of a man to the fruits of his own labor—all these supreme rights, by the side of which other rights are petty, are trampled down, in order to organize that *five-headed* selfishness, practically maintained by the lash, which, look at it as you will, has for its single object COMPULSORY LABOR WITHOUT WAGES.

That Slavery thus constituted, can be good for the master, is one of the hallucinations of the system—something like the hallucination of the opium-eater. Fascinating, possibly, it may be for a time, by debasing and destructive it must be in the end. That slavemasters should be violent and tyrannical—that they should be regardless of all rights, especially where Slavery was in question—and that the higher virtues of character should fail in them—all this might be inferred, even in the absence of evidence, according to the irresistible laws of cause and effect. No man can do injustice with impunity. He may not suffer in worldly condition; but he must suffer in his own nature. Even in the very unconsciousness in which he lives aggravates the unhappy influence. Nor can familiarity with the scenes of Slavery fail to exert hardening influence.

Persons become accustomed to scenes of brutality, till they witness them with indifference. Hogarth, that master of human nature, has portrayed this tendency in his picture of a dissection at a Medical College, where the President maintains the dignity of insensibility over a corpse which he regards simply as the object of a lecture. And Horace Walpole, who admired the satire of that picture, finds in it an illustration of the truth, that the habitude of viewing shocking scenes hardens the human mind, and renders it unfeeling." And this simple truth, in its most general application, illustrates the condition of the slave-master. How can he show sensibility for the common rights of fellow-citizens, who sacrifices daily the most sacred rights of others merely to secure *labor without wages*. With him a false standard is necessarily established, bringing with it a blunted moral sense, and clouded perceptions, so that to him he does something intrinsically barbarous or mean, he does not blush to find it fame.

Here, again, I forbear all details. The reason of the intellect blending with the reason of the heart; the testimony of history fortified by the testimony of good men; an array of unerring figures linked with an array of unerring facts; all these I might employ. And I might proceed to show how this barbarous influence beginning on the plantation, diffuses itself throughout society, enters into official conduct, and even mounts into Congress, where for a long time it has exercised a vulgar domination. But I shall not open this chapter.

But there is one frightful circumstance, unhappily of frequent occurrence, which proclaims so clearly the character of the social system bred by Slavery that I shall be pardoned for adducing it. I refer to the roasting of slaves alive at the stake; one has been roasted only recently; not after a public trial, according to the forms of law, as at the fires of Smithfield, but by a lawless crowd, suddenly assembled, who in this way make themselves the ministers of a cruel vengeance. This Barbarism, which seems to have become a part of the customary law of Slavery may well cover us all with humiliation, when we reflect that it has already been renounced by the copper-colored savages of our continent; while, during the present century, more instances of it have occurred among our slave-masters than we know of among our savages since that early day when Capt. Smith was saved from the fate by the tenderness of Pocahontas. Perhaps no other usage reveals with such fearful distinctness the deep-seated, pervading influence of Slavery, offensive to civilization, hostile to law itself, by virtue of which it pretends to live, insulting to humanity, shocking to decency, and utterly heedless of all rights, forms or observances, in the maintenance of its wicked power.

Let me not be unjust to slave-masters. Some there are, I know, of happy natures, uncorrupted by the possession of tyrannical power, who render the condition of their slaves endurable, and in private virtues emulate the graces of civilization; but the good in these cases comes from the masters, *notwithstanding* Slavery. And, besides, there are the great examples of the Fathers of the Republic, who, looking down upon Slavery and regarding it as an Evil, were saved from its contamination. To all these I render heart-felt homage. But their virtues cannot save it. Their condemnation the essential wrong which it now expose.

Such, fellow-citizens, is Slavery as it appears in its law, and also in its influence on society. Bad as it is, if it modestly kept at home—if it did not stalk into the National jurisdiction, and enter into the National Government, *within the reach of our votes*, I should not summon you on this occasion to unite against it; for whatever may be the promptings of sympathy and of godlike philanthropy, nothing is clearer than that our political duties depend simply upon our political responsibilities; and since we are not politically responsible for Slavery in Charleston, or in Constantinople, so in neither place have we any political duties in regard to it. Lament it wherever it exists we must, and surround its victims with our prayers, but our action while inspired by these sentiments must rest within the landmarks of the law and the Constitution.

And here the field is ample. Indeed, if Slavery existed, without any thing within the national jurisdiction, as it clearly does, our duties would still be urgent, to grapple with that pernicious influence, which through an *Oligarchical Combination* of slave masters, unknown to the Constitution, never anticipated by its founders, and existing in defiance of their example, has entered into and possessed the National Government, like an Evil Spirit. This influence, which, wielding at will all the powers of the National Government—even those of the judiciary itself—has become formidable to Freedom everywhere, clutching violently at the Territories, and menacing the Free States themselves, as witness the claim still undecided in the Court of the last resort of a citizen of Virginia to hold slaves in New-York on the way to Texas; this influence, now so vaulting, was for a long time unobserved, even while exercising a controlling power. At first timid and shy, from an undoubted consciousness of its guilt, it avoided discussion; but it was determined in its policy. The Southern Senator who boasted that for sixty years the Slave States had governed the country, knew well their constant inferiority to the Free States in population, wealth, manufactures, commerce, schools, churches, libraries, and all the activities of a true civilization; knew well that they had contributed nothing to the literature of the country, even in political economy and the science of Government, which they have so vehemently professed, except the now forgotten "forty-bale theory;" knew well that by no principle of justice could this long predominance be explained; but he forgot to confess the secret agency. True it is that, in the game of office and legislation, the Slaves States have always won. They have played with loaded dice—*loaded with Slavery*. The trick of the automaton Chess Player, for so long a time an incomprehensible marvel, has been repeated with similar success. Let the Free States make a move on the board, and the Slave States have said "check." Let them strive for Free-Trade, and the cry has been "check." Let them jump toward Protection, and again it is "check." Let them move toward Internal Improvements, and the cry is still "check." Whether forward or backward, to the right or left, wherever they moved, the Free States have been pursued by an inexorable "check." Such was the secret as now discovered. Amid the well-arranged machinery, which seemed to give motion to the victorious chess-player, was concealed a *motive force* which has not been estimated—the Slave Power. It is the Slave Power which has been the perpetual victor, saying always "check" to the Free States. And it is the Slave Power which, according to the boast of the Senator, has governed the country.

The actual number of slaveholders was for a long time unknown, and on this account was naturally exaggerated. It was often represented to be very great. On one occasion, a distinguished representative from Massachusetts, whose name will be ever cherished for his devotion to human rights—I mean the late Horace Mann—was rudely interrupted on the floor of Congress by a member from Alabama, who averred that the number of slaveholders was as many as 3,000,000. At that time there was no official document by which this extravagance could be corrected. But at last we have it. The late census, taken in 1850, shows that the whole number of this peculiar class—embracing men, women, and children, all told, who are so unfortunate as to hold slaves—was only 347,000; and of this number, the large part are small slaveholders, leaving only 91,000 persons as the owners of the great mass of slaves and the substantial representatives of this class. And yet this small Oligarchy, odious in origin, without any foundation in that justice which is the essential basis of every civilized association, stuck together only by confederacy in all the *five-headed* wrong of Slavery, and constituting in itself a *Magnum Latrocinium*, has, by the confession of one of its own leaders, for sixty years governed the Republic. To this end two things have conferred. First, its associated wealth, being the asserted value of its human flesh, constituting a flagitious capital of two thousand millions of dollars; and secondly, its peculiar representation in the House of Representatives, where, under the three-fifths rule of the Constitution, ninety members actually hold their seats by virtue in part of this flagitious capital. Thus are the slavemasters an enormous corporation, or joint stock company, by the side of which the United States Bank with its petty thirty millions of capital, and without any peculiar representation, is dwarfed into insignificance.

I feel humbled when I dwell on the amazing disproportion of offices usurped by this Oligarchy. From the beginning, all the great posts of the Republic—the Presidency, the Vice-Presidency, seats in the Cabinet, seats in the Supreme Court—seem to have been almost perpetually in their hands. At this moment, the Free States, with double the population of Slave States, have only four out of the nine Judges of the Supreme Court; and of these four, it must be said—three are Northern men with Southern principles; and in the humbler places at the Departments, the same extraordinary disproportion prevails. Out of the whole number there employed, 421 are from the Free States, but mostly with Southern principles, and 806 from the Slave States. These instances are typical. There is nothing in the National Government which the Oligarchy does not appropriate. Down to this moment, it has held the keys of every office, from the President to the humblest Postmaster, compelling all to do its will bidding. It organizes Cabinets. It organizes Courts. It directs the Army and Navy. It manages every department of public business. It presides over the census. It controlls the Smithsonian Institution, founded by the generous charity of a foreigner, to promote the interests of mankind. And it subsidizes the national press, alike in the national capital and in the remotest villages of the North.

In maintaining its power, the Slave Oligarchy has applied a test for office very different from that of Jefferson: "Is he honest? Is he capable? Is he faithful to the Constitution?" These things are all forgotten now in the single question, which signalizes the great change which has taken place, "Is he faithful to Slavery?" With arrogant ostracism, it excludes from every national office all who cannot respond to this test. So complete and irrational has this tyranny become, that at this moment while I now speak, could Washington, or Jefferson, or Franklin, or John Jay, once more descend from their spheres above, to mingle in our affairs, and bless us with their wisdom, not one of them, with his recorded, *unretracted* opinions on Slavery could receive a nomination for the Presidency from either branch of the divided Democratic party, or from that other political combination, known as the Union party; nor, stranger still, could either of these sainted patriots, whose names alone open a perpetual fountain of gratitude in all your hearts, be confirmed by the Senate of the United States for any political function whatever, not even for the local office of Postmaster. What I now say amid your natural astonishment, I have often said before in addressing the people, and I have more than once uttered from my seat in the Senate, and no man there has made answer, for no man who has sat in its secret sessions, and there learned the test which is practically applied could make answer; and I ask you to accept this statement as my testimony derived from the experience which has been my lot. Yes, fellow-citizens, had this test prevailed in the earlier days, Washington—first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen, could not have been created generalissimo of the American forces; Jefferson could not have taken his place on the Committee to draft the Declaration of Independence; and Franklin could not have gone forth to France, with the commission of the infant Republic, to secure the invaluable alliance of that ancient kingdom; nor could John Jay, as first Chief Justice, have lent to our infant judiciary the grace of his name and character.

Standing on the bent necks of an enslaved race—with four millions of human beings as the black marble Caryatides to support its power, the Slave Oligarchy erects itself into a lordly Caste which brooks no opposition. But when I speak of Caste I mean nothing truly polite; and so when I speak of Oligarchy I mean nothing truly aristocratic. As despotism is simply an abuse of monarchy, so an Oligarchy is simply an abuse of aristocracy, unless it be that most vulgar of all, the "aristocracy of the skin." Derived from Slavery, and having the interests of Slavery always in view, our oligarchy must naturally take its character from this *five-headed* wrong.

"Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill."

All that is bad in Slavery—its audacity, its immorality, its cruelty, its robbery, its meanness, its ignorance, its barbarous disregard of human rights, and its barbarous disregard of human obligation, must all be reproduced in its representative. If the Oligarchy hesitates at nothing to serve its selfish ends, it simply acts in harmony with Slavery, from which it draws its life-blood. If in grasp of power it is like the hunchback Richard; if in falsehood it copies Iago, and if in character it is as brutal as the untaught Caliban,

> "Which any print of goodness will not take,
> Being capable of all ill":

Aye, if in all these respects it surpasses its prototypes, be not astonished, fellow-citizens, for it acts simply according to the original law and the inborn necessities of its being.

The soul sickens in contemplating the acts of dishonest tyranny which have been perpetrated by this domineering power. I cannot give their history now. But looking at the old Missouri Compromise, founded on the admission of Missouri as a Slave State, and in consideration thereof the Prohibition of Slavery in other outlying Territory, and recing how—after an acquiescence of thirty-two years, and the irrecclaimable possession by Slavery of its especial share in the provisions of this Compromise—in violation of every obligation of honor, compact and good neighbood, and in contemptuous disregard of the out-gushing sentiments of an aroused North—this time-honored Prohibition was overturned, and the vast region now known as Kansas and Nebraska, was opened to Slavery; looking next at the juggling bill by which this was accomplished, declaring that its object was to leave the people "perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way"—and seeing, how, in spite of these express words, the courageous settlers there were left a prey to invading hordes from Missouri, who entering the Territory organized a Usurpation, which by positive law proceeded to fasten Slavery upon that beautiful soil, and to surround it with a code of death; looking at the Lecompton Constitution, that master-piece of wicked contrivance, by which this same people, in organizing for a State, were fraudulently prevented from passing upon the question of Slavery—and seeing how the infamous counterfeit, though repudiated by the people, was openly adopted by the President, and by him corruptly urged upon Congress, with all the power of his Administration; looking at the these things, and others which fill the mind, I feel how vain it is to expect truce or compromise with the Slave Oligarchy. Panic in faith, no compact can bind it, while all interpretations of the Constitution, friendly to Freedom, though sanctioned by Court and Congress in continuous precedents, are unceremoniously rejected. Faust, in the incomparable poem of Goethe, on being told that in Hell itself the laws prevail, says:

> Now that I like; so then, one may, in fact,
> Conclude a binding compact with you, gentry!

To which Mephistophiles replies:

> Whatever promise in our books finds entry,
> We strictly carry into act.

But no compact or promise binds the gentry of Slavery—although in their books it may find entry!

Of course, fellow-citizens, you are now ready to see that the corruptions by which the present Administration has been degraded are the natural offspring of the immorality of Slavery. They have all occurred in sustaining the policy of the Oligarchy, and in the case of the Lecompton Constitution, in a direct effort to fasten Slavery upon a distant territory, and they are all marked by the effrontery of Slavery. Smollett attributes the peculiar profligacy of England at a particular period to the demoralization of the South Sea Bubble; but such an influence cannot be comparable in this respect to Slavery, which indeed if it were not a crime, might well be called a Bubble. But a Government which vindicates the sale of human beings need not hesitate to purchase the vote of an elector at the polls, or of a member of Congress. The two transactions belong to the same family, though unquestionably the last is the least reprehensible.

Fellow citizens, would you arrest these corruptions, and the disastrous influence from which they spring, involving nothing less than civilization on this continent, the Republican party bids you how, and in telling you how, it vindicates at once its origin and its necessity. The work must be done, and there is no other organization by which it can be done. A party with such an origin and such a necessity cannot be for a day or for this election only. It cannot be less permanent than the hostile influence which it is formed to counteract. Therefore, just so long as the present false theories of Slavery prevail, whether concerning its character, morally, economically and socially, or concerning its prerogatives under the Constitution, just so long as the Slave Oligarchy, which is the sleepless and unhesitating agent of Slavery in all its pretensions continues to exist as a political power, the Republican party must endure. If bad men conspire for Slavery, good men must combine for Freedom; nor can the Holy War be ended until the barbarism now dominant in the Republic is overthrown, and the Pagan power is driven from our Jerusalem. And when this triumph is won, securing the immediate object of our organization, the Republican party will not die, but, purified by its long contest with Slavery, and filled with higher life, it will be lifted to yet other efforts for the good of man.

At present the work is plain before us. It is simply to elect our candidates: Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, whose ability so conspicuously shown in his own State attracted at once the admiration of the whole country; whose character no breath has touched, and whose heart is large enough to embrace the broad Republic and all its people—him you will elect President; and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, whose clear head, firm principles, and ample experience none who sit with him in the Senate Chamber can contest—him you will elect Vice-President. Electing these, we shall put the National Government—at least in its Executive department—openly and actively on the side of Freedom; and this alone will be of incalculable influence—not only in itself, but as the harbinger of the future.

First and foremost, we shall save the Territories from the five-headed barbarism of Slavery, keeping them in their normal condition, as they came from the hand of God, free, with Freedom written on the soil and engraved on the rock, while the winds will whisper it in the trees, the rivers will murmur it in their flow, and all nature echo it in joy unspeakable.

Next we shall save the country from the crying infamy of the slave-trade, whose opening anew, as now menaced, is, indeed, but a logical consequence of the new theories of Slavery. If Slavery be the "blessing" it is vaunted, then must the slave-trade be beneficent, and they who ply it with the fiercest activity must take their places among the missionaries and saints of humanity.

Next we shall save the Constitution, at least within the sphere of Executive influence, from outrage and perversion; so that the President will no longer lend himself to that wildest pretension of the Slave Oligarchy, as Mr. Buchanan has done, by declaring that Slavery is carried under the Constitution into all Territories, and that it now exists in Kansas as firmly as in South Carolina. As out of nothing can come nothing, so out of the nothing in the Constitution on this subject can be derived no support for this inordinate pretension, which may be best dismissed in that classical similitude by which the ancient Romans rebuked groundless folly, when they calldd it *ass's wool*, which is something that does not exist—and plainly said to its author, *asini lanam quæris (You gather ass's wool)!*

Next we shall help to save the Declaration of Independence, now dishonored and disowned in its essential life-giving truth—the *Equality of Man*. This transcendent principle, which appears twice at the Creation—first, when God said, "Let us make man in our own image," and, secondly, in the unity of the race, then divinely established; which appears again in the Gospel when it was said, "God that made the world and all things therein, hath made of one blood all nations of men;" which appears again in the primal reason of the world, anterior to all institutions and laws, belongs to those self-evident truths, sometimes called axioms, which no man can question without exposing himself to the contempt of intelligence and honesty. Are two and two make four, or deny arithmetically that two and two make four, or deny geometrically that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, as deny the axiomatic, self-evident, beaming truth, that all men are equal. As of the sun in the heavens—blind is he who cannot perceive it. Of course, this principle, uttered in a declaration of rights, is applicable simply to rights; and it is a childish sophism to allege against it the obvious inequalities of form, character and faculties. As an axiom, it admits no exceptions; for it is the essence of an axiom, whether in geometry or morals, to be universal. As an abstract truth, it is also without exception, according to the essence of such truth. And finally as a self-evident truth, so announced in the Declaration, it is without exceptions, for only such truth can be self-evident. Thus, whether as axiom, as abstract truth, or self-evident truth, it is always universal. In vindicating this principle, the Republican party have a grateful duty to which they are moved alike by justice to a much-injured race, excluded from its protection, and by justice to the Fathers, whose well-chosen words—fit foundation for an empire—have been turned into a mockery; nor can the madness of the Propagandists of Slavery be better illustrated than in this assault on the Declaration of Independence, stultifying the Fathers for no other purpose than to clear the way for their five-headed system of *Compulsory Labor without Wages*.

And, finally, we shall help to expel the Slave Oligarchy from all its seats of National power, and drive it back within the States. This alone is worthy of every effort; for until this is done, nothing else can be completely done. In vain you seek economy or purity in the National Government; in vain you seek improvement of rivers and harbors; in vain